Parallel World Pharmacy

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A young pharmacologist and researcher in Japan died from overworking, and was reincarnated in a Medieval Parallel Europe.

He was reincarnated as a 10 year old apprentice to a famous Royal Court Apothecary, and he had attained an inhuman ability to see through disease, creating substances, and removing substance.

In a society in which dubious medical practices are rampant, price gouging thru the monopoly of the apothecaries guild, and good medicine aren’t available to the commoners.

He was recognized by the Emperess at that time and opened a Pharmacy at the corner of the town.

He will wipe out the fraud that has swept the world, and deliver to the commoners a truly effective medicine that was developed using present day

pharmacology.

Thus the boy pharmacist will cheat by using his previous knowledge to create innovative medicines while helping the people of the parallel world, a story about living his new life to the fullest this time.

Parallel World Pharmacy: Prologue-C01E10

http://moonbunnycafe.com/parallel-world-pharmacy/c1-prologue/

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Reincarnation to the Parallel World *Doing One's Best Moderately*

In the dimensional gap of endless deep space, where life once struggled to exist, no living beings knew that place.

In that infinite expanse lies a graveyard, guarded by an unnamed grave keeper, dead people sleep within the tombstone endlessly.

One day, the grave keeper chose one grave among the sleeping dead .

The grave keeper pulled out the memory core from the tombstone, established the space-time that it should return to, and threw it out into space. It flew off into the cosmos far, far away, and struck a boy on a certain planet, who had died of a lightning strike in broad daylight .

The boy's heart began to beat again. The grave keeper even sent the personal effects of the dead person to rest beside the boy,

The core of the dead person assimilated with the core of the boy's body who wasn't ready for death , and the union of consciousness began.

"Falma's pulse, it had completely stopped. But now, I can feel it."

He heard a young woman's voice after his sense of hearing was connected. The voice was trembling.

"So… was he revived…?!"

This time, it was the substantially rough voice of a man. The conversation between these two people with unfamiliar voices became gradually clear.

His vision was still inaccessible.

A strong damp wind blew off the dust that was on his skin.

The distant thunder reverberated eerily.

(What……. happened to me?)

&nsbp;
He was a young pharmacologist living in Japan in the year 20XX C.E.

He was an excellent researcher, who always stayed overnight at the University Laboratory to do nothing but research. He had a clear headed and enthusiastic personality, eagerly researched until success, and sent out new medicine for incurable diseases one after another. His results were known throughout the world; people all over the world have high expectations of his success.

He made a name for himself while still young and lived a fast life.

Time is not enough, he wanted to create a world where no one would suffer from illness.

He wanted to heal more and more people.

A reckless type of young pharmacologist, burning with idealism.

He wanted to deliver the new medicines to the patient even just by a second earlier in a day. With the medicine that he made, he wanted to eliminate all kinds of pestilence and diseases on earth.

It was a struggle that he bet his life on.

However, halfway to achieving his dream, his struggle met a disappointing end.

Because he was immersed in his research day and night, his body reached its limit.

The cause of death was Acute Myocardial Infarction, a typical result of overworking.

Thus, before long he vaguely remembered his death.

This fresh life, in the noisy storm that had passed, had started when he fell clumsily and lay down. It’s the spring of 1145 of True Era.

“Falma-sama! Hold on! This is Lotte, please hold on!”

Again, he heard the unfamiliar voice of a girl. The girl was crying while shouting and shaking him.

(Who is Falma?)

He wondered while struggling with an unfamiliar pain.

“Falma-sama——!”

(This is completely a mistaken identity)

He was lifted by several people and was carried.

—- Falma de Médicis, A boy who is an apprentice to a Royal Court Apothecary.

This man, who was originally a pharmacologist in Japan in his previous existence, that died from overworking, was living a fast life and didn’t work in moderation

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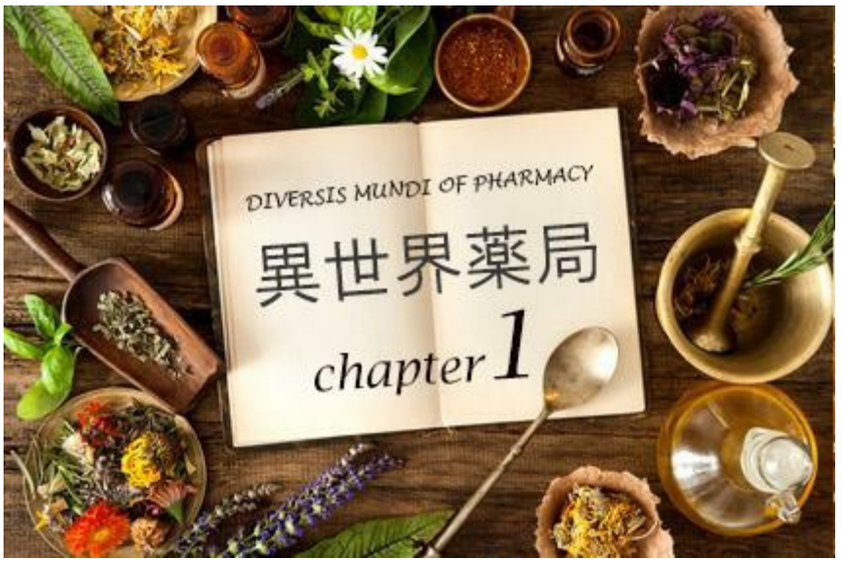
The Meeting with Charlotte and The Divine Art of Water



The information came bit by bit.

The room was made of stone and the ceiling was low.

A red tapestry hung on the stone wall.

The window was small and dim even though it’s daytime.

There was a fireplace in the back of the room. In it, firewood was crackling as it burned.

He laid on the bed covered in rustling bed sheet, it smelled like straw.

He was perplexed as to where the heck this European style building was he carried to actually was.

“There, there”

“Where is this……?”

He asked the girl while feeling uncomfortable.

“Falma-sama, you were hit by a lightning! Do you not remember?”

She moved in close to his face as she looked at him with great worry. She looked to about 10 years old, with her angelic smile pointing towards me.

She wore a simple dress with a white apron over it. Her beautiful, glossy, pinkish gold long hair drops down to her shoulders. A beautiful girl with blues eyes that drew you in had a white headdress demurely placed on top of her head.

He thought it was cosplay, but his impression said that it lacked imagination.

He tried to get up quickly, but his muscles where weak and did not allow for it

“No, actually I can’t clearly remember….. Who are you?”

When the girl heard that, her smile disappeared, replaced with a sad face.

“Did you mean that you have forgotten about me? It seems you were struck by an unusual blue bolt of lightning.

“I’m sorry, it seems to be. I might have gotten amnesia”

She then cleared her throat, straightened her face, lifted a little bit the hem of her skirt, and did a curtsy.

“Well then, I will introduce myself once again. I’m your servant, Charlotte. Please call me Lotte as usual. Along with my mother who was summoned by Master, we have been serving you in this mansion since you were a child. Ask us for anything Falma-san”

It seems the mother and child work together in this mansion as live-in employees. He thought about it, but shouldn’t he bring this kid to the police because of child labor? Falma-sama was called out the second time. Because he was called out many times, he was finally aware.

“Falma? Me?”

(What is that, a name for some kind of pharmaceutical company?)

His mood became sensitive. He wondered if that’s just a nickname given by her.

“Yes, you are Falma de Médicis-sama”

de Médicis.

He remembered that Medici was a french sounding family name that ruled medieval Florence. You generally wouldn’t make a mistake of that with someone who has a Japanese face. Then it dawned on him.

“Would you show me a mirror?”

Perhaps it might not be a mistaken identity, he had a bad feeling about that.

“I’ll bring it now”

It was obvious that his body was differed from his former self, even without looking at the mirror. The hands and arms he saw were too small. No matter how he looked at it, they appeared to belong to a kid. Not to mention that the race wasn't even the same, in the first place…

"Whaa!"

When he looked into the small hand mirror, what he saw was a Caucasian boy with blond hair, blue eyes, and a goofy face.

"This is impossible!"

When he said that, he told his body to rise up from the bed and it listened, he then looked out of the window.

What filled his view was a foreign town resembling those of medieval Europe. And extending outside the window were people who wore old-fashioned clothes, coming and going. A lively marketplace. The sound of bells coming from the bell tower filled the air.

He was flabbergasted, his mouth wide open.

Lotte lightly tapped him on the back as she became worried with him in a daze.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm sorry, I'm feeling slightly unwell."

(Given that this is not a dream, was I reborn, then?)

But he doesn't believe in an unscientific phenomenon such as reincarnation, but now that the affected person is himself, he might believe it.

(I wonder how I died. Could it be…… Could it be death from overworking?)

Although it didn't occur to him how he died, death from overworking was the first thing that comes to his mind. His working hours were exploitative. It surpassed the limits of flex time or unpaid overtime.

When he calmly calculated his working hours, he came up with over 20 hours a day. Because of that, he had been living in a sleeping bag in a corner of the laboratory. Although blaming the workplace is like barking at the wrong tree. He himself chose to be exploited at work, hobby = work was the mindset of what

was once a workaholic person.

He died.

And he was reborn. Considering it a good thing, he resigned himself to accept it. He thought so, but.

(Impossible! This can't be good!)

Nevertheless, he never gave up the sliver of hope that this was just a dream.

(I beg of you, make this a dream! I still haven't put together a thesis on the data the I had left behind!)

Because of the condition of his previous life, he was rolling in regret.

He remembered what's called a reality check. There is a way to check if the phenomenon or event that occurs right there and then is in a dream or not. He held his breath. It doesn't hurt when you're in a dream, and you can continue to live. But after one minute, he coughed it out grandly.

"Fwaa! Gehoo, Gehoo"

He, who dangerously stopped breathing, saw the girl cutting in.

"What are you doing? Seems like you are having fun playing"

Lotte stared at him blankly, and showed him a carefree smile. This servant child had an impression that was well acquainted with relatively tragic circumstances.

"No, I was not playing. Though it would seem so"

(This world is real? Did the lightning strike restored the memories of my previous life?)

As he unintentionally became perplexed, the girl's hand held on to his arm. It was then he noticed it, both of his arms were wrapped in bandages.

"What this?"

"Ah, Falma-sama! You shouldn't move suddenly, doesn't it hurt?"

He unwrapped the bandage, his arm was coated with a dark red ointment. He wiped off the ointment with the bandage, the painful looking keloid ran from his

shoulder to his upper arm, burnt by the lightning's electric current. Both arms.

Lotte covered her mouth with both hands, her pale blue eyes widening upon seeing the scar. She made a sign of prayer towards the wound.

"Your scar from the lightning…… Looks like the Crest of the Holy God of Medicine. I guess the Medicine God protected you"

"The scar of the lightning strike, I think when the lightning crawled and burned my skin, it made a Lichtenberg pattern"

"Yes?"

"Hmmmm, no."

Since Lotte looked puzzled with a smile on her face, he paraphrased it as "The scar made by the lightning" However she believed that it was a holy symbol granted by the Holy God of Medicine. She said it's for a person to survive a lightning strike.

(Well, certainly it is so)

Because she had devout faith, his inelegant words were spoken ambiguously

And so he learned that it's safer to just conceal the scar that resembles the Medicine God's brand.

"Ah, that's right, I brought some delicious sweets. Please have some! It will also calm you"

Lotte placed beside him something like a wafer and an empty silver cup.

"Thanks for the food. How about you?"

"I couldn't possibly! The master should not give such expensive things to their servants, and should just leave them as they were."

Even though she said that, Lotte looks like her drool will drip down any moment. Her feelings seems to have been reflected on obedient face.

"You don't have to decline, you need to fill up your stomach"

"Uuu, do you really mean in it, Falma-sama?! Really mean it?! Then, thanks for the food! "

Sweets are expensive in this world, so servants cannot easily taste them. That's why Lotte was really delighted when he said that.

"You want to eat one more?"

"Ah *ulp*, no way! Are you sure? Absolutely?"

"Yes, yes, absolutely"

Because she ate with great relish, he gave her more than half. Just looking at the situation, it became an escape from reality and his mind was healed

"My cheeks seems to melt away……. Ah, Falma-sama, I'm getting thirsty. Will you use a Divine Art like before? Can I have the water you make? The water that Falma-sama produces is very delicious"

Lotte pleaded to Falma while holding out a humble wooden cup towards him.

"What? Divine Art?! Water?"

His voice almost squeaked. He was reincarnated from a different person, there was no way for him to gain the knowledge about this world other than to live in it. He thought that he had to play along with her, but he doesn't know what he doesn't know.

"Falma-sama is a master of the Divine Art of Water. No way? did you forget about the Divine Art?"

Although that was supposed to be his specialty. Her face then momentarily turned pale.

Seems like that being able to use Divine Arts was the proof of being a noble.

"So, what would happen to me if I can't use it?"

"I do not want to even think about it, but……"

If he was not able to use Divine Arts any more, he wouldn't be recognized as a noble. His father would disinherit him, and he'd be chased out of the mansion as a commoner.

"I'll keep it a secret! I know nothing! This is a favor for receiving the sweets! A, a great amount of gratitude!"

Lotte waves both hands as she kept her eyes closed.

“If you bear that much gratitude. Will you leave me alone for a little bit? I will try to remember the Divine Art”

Rather than saying that he wants to remember, he just wants to be left alone.

“That’s right. Please slowly recuperate”

To invoke the creation of water, she told him he must imagine the form of the water in his mind, it will surge and pool from the hands. She left the room as saying she’d finish the laundry and go shopping.

He would be exposed to the everyone if he couldn’t use Divine Arts. He’d be driven out of the mansion, with no food and would probably die a miserable death.

In this world, something like that was possible.

If he’d ever be expelled from the mansion, he must set himself up with work before going out in the cold. If all else fails, he had no choice but to go join the war, Falma got depressed just thinking about it.

Therefore he decided to deal with recovering the Divine Arts.

“Water….!”

He concentrated his attention on both hands, which were above the wooden bowl and imagined water in his mind.

Water.

He was a pharmacologist is Japan, he had deep understanding of water molecules.

He fully understood the elemental form, energy state diagram, and even the spin states.

However, what could that knowledge be used for?

(It’s no use huh?)

He felt like a great deal of time had passed

Then his blood flow was getting warm and an unusual phenomenon was occuring on his arm’s scar.

He realized the scar was emitting a strong bluish-white color, an intense neon light shot out.

(What is this luminescence?)

Nervous and surprised, sweat was oozing out of both Falma's hands.

But the amount was too big for it to be just sweat.

"Sweat….. no it's different. Water! It's Water!?"

Water gushed out and didn't stop. Rather than coming from his body, he felt like it's calling out a power of a different dimension. He doesn't want to flood the room, so he stuck his hands outside the window beside him in panic. At the same time he felt some relief as water gushed out like a fountain.

"Stop, stop, STOOOP! Stop it! "

Lotte didn't told him how to stop it. When he imagined the water turning off completely, the production of water had stopped.

"Fu ……"

He took a big sigh.

"Falma-samaaaa!"

A soprano voice can be heard from outside. When he looked down out of the window, he saw Lotte looking up and waving at him in an herb field.

"It's water, does that mean you remembered it?!"

"Sorry, you got wet?"

"I got wet! It's refreshing ~ I like it! "

Because it rained, she was spared her daily work of watering the herbs. And so Lotte laughed.

"What a relief….."

Thus, he recovered his Divine Art of Water.

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Proofreader: Masadeer

The Reincarnated Pharmacologist in the Dark World of Pharmaceutics

“However……. What kind of fundamental theory exist in this world?”

He withdrew his face from the window as Falma clearly realized that there was a possibility the laws of physics was different for this parallel world.

“Even so with this ability, can I only do water?”

Quietly, he stared at the hands which doesn’t seem to belong to him. He is able to produce water if he tries to imagine and concentrate on the structural formula of water.

“Can I materialize any other compounds if I imagined the arrangement?”

He sent an image to the silver cup as he poured some power that he used not long ago into it. The cup then received the compound and began to darken immediately.

It’s proof that sulfide reacted with silver.

“…… So it is possible. This is bad, it darkened”

It will cause trouble for Lotte if valuable tableware was stained. Depending on circumstances, she will be accused of poisoning him.

“Disappear, disappear!”

He polished it with the hem of his clothes as he casually said those words.

The sulfide in the cup disappeared as the luster of silver returned. It did not disappeared because he wiped it. It just disappeared spontaneously.

“The substance disappeared, it’s possible to erase it?”

There was no other reason as he created and erased the sulfide several times.

Instead of hazardous substance, he created sugar this time and licked it. It was sweet.

He created the common table salt and licked it. It was salty

A lump of iron, it had a strong iron taste.

An ingot of pure gold, it left teeth marks when he bit it.

He tested it in other ways too. He can create any substance by just sending the images to his hands.

He can't create chemical compounds that he can't clearly imagine or ones that are too complex.

Whatever he created with his left hand, it can be erased by his right hand.

The left hand creates, and the right hand erases.

He can even erase the things he didn't create as long as he understood the chemical composition.

"This is great!"

Although he didn't understood the principle behind it, he seems sure that he has the ability to create and erase substances.

"I'm like an alchemist. It's an ability I would like to take back to Japan"

His researched would have surely progressed if he can use this ability in Japan.

(This research, and that research. Yes, even The Research. Wait a minute, what research was it?)

This workaholic was still attached on what was left in his previous life at this moment

"I can't go home"

(I should rather give up on it)

Regardless of how much lingering affection he had, it's not possible to return to earth.

"I should entirely forget my previous life and start anew"

He finally made up his mind.

"I am happy! I felt really relieved"

Lotte returned to the room in a rush and changed the bed sheets. Seems like her work involves taking care of Falma's daily necessities.

Even though it's an upper-class home, the bed of this world was simple. It was just a simple box filled with hay and covered by a bed sheet. Lotte was surprised when Falma helped her in laying out the bed sheet.

"Please do not help as this is my work"

"Is that so? I'm sorry"

She however said her gratitude, she never forget to show her appreciation.

"That is good Falma-sama. You recovered your Divine Art. It seems you are able to recover your lost memory a little bit at a time!"

Falma was encouraged by the song Lotte was humming as she was putting back his laundry in the drawer. It was really a beautiful voice.

"I was a fool for thinking for a moment that Falma-sama cannot use his Divine Art anymore"

"Remind me again, what is the family business of this house?"

Lotte stopped working and stood proud as she said.

"The de Médicis family is a family of Royal Court Pharmacist"

Family of Pharmacist.

He can use his ability to create substances with the knowledge he had in science and pharmacology, even though the laws of physics are different from his old world.

(Good, I didn't lose my job)

He was relieved for the time being.

After that, Falma was able to get a good grasp of the situation with the help from her servant Lotte. As he had received an explanation about this world from Lotte,

(This place resembles France)

Falma entertained such impression.

Language, culture, clothes, closely resembles that to medieval France.

Charlotte, also known as Lotte, was the daughter of Catherine, the senior maid. They are commoners.

Her mother was in charge of taking care of Falma, while Lotte accompanies her mother when going in and out of Falma's room. She had been working in this house since she was 5 years old. She is now 9 years old. A servant's career is very long, since they start at a very young age. They used honorifics, and each of their movement felt graceful. However,

"Just between you and me, aren't you just doing forced labor? Are you been beaten and abused in the premises that I didn't know? Are you able to eat your meals?

Lotte pouted when Falma asked that question.

"What are you talking about? We had been given a good life by the Master"

"Don't you want to become free? Don't you want to go to school?"

"You are so kind you know. However, I am being taught to read and write in this mansion and have days off too. I am satisfied with these"

Falma imagined that the servants were treated like a slave, but they are treated very well as employees and both mother and child consented to this. Food, clothing, and shelter was guaranteed, there was furthermore a salary too. They said it was not hard labor and it's not painful to work in the mansion. Since they are not slaves, he was told that they can leave the mansion as they please.

"Then it's good"

"Yes! Please take good care of us from now on! It would be troublesome if you are expelled from the mansion!"

The servants understood that the Steward is the chief of about 100 personnel that was deployed in and out of the residence. The mansion was made totally out of stones and features a U shape, the style closely resembles to that of the transition period of the Baroque(insert note here). The mansion was old, as you can feel the history of it.

"By the way, will you tell me about the mansion?"

“With pleasure!”

Falma asked Lotte about the structure of the mansion. The building has 3 floors, a basement where the stockroom for medicine was located, and an attic added to it. It boast a land area of a small castle.

The first floor was the entrance hall, reception room, and the main hall.

The second floor are where the parent and children rooms are.

That is to say, Falma’s room was on the 2nd floor facing the courtyard.

All the servants lived on the attic.

Lotte said that the mansion was too big as she has not been to all of the rooms yet.

“It certainly is a prestigious family……”

“Yes, It is a proud residence! It has been more than 200 years since it was built”

Lotte responded with cheerfulness that shows her innocence.

“Can I ask you a question about me?”

“What it is you want to know?”

“My name. Falma (Pharmaceuticals) de Medicis (Pharmacist)….. don’t you think it’s a bad name?”

(Pharmaceuticals is not that appealing!) Falma was ashamed.

“Fufu. Your honorable elder brother is called Pilule-sama you know? The Master has high expectations on Pilule-sama’s and Falma-sama’s future!

Pilule seems to mean like pill.

(There was a more unfortunate person than me)

Falma was somewhat attracted to his Father’s strong attitude towards pharmaceutics.

“The Master will return to the mansion tonight, Falma-sama will join for dinner then….. Ah”

“What is it?”

Falma braced for himself as Lotte seemed to be in a panic.

“Co-co-co-could it be that you completely forgot your pharmaceutical knowledge?”

“I think I forgot it, but”

“This is bad! This is a serious emergency!”

As Lotte said it, Falma sense an impending crisis and took one of the books lined up in the bookshelf that was in the room, and quickly skimmed it. All the books in this world are made by manually copying each one of them, so the medical journal and the pharmaceutical books are very expensive. Nevertheless the family is really rich when you see thick books lined up in the bookshelf in Falma’s room for his personal use.

“You have to be careful Falma-sama as the Master will usually question you regarding pharmaceutics without warning”

The original Falma was given a special education since childhood. Lotte testified that he was able to memorize all of the pharmaceuticals and compounding methods that was written on the book,

This was a serious matter, he can’t memorize all of it as soon as possible even with the knowledge and skills he had. Even though Falma was in a hurry…….. it wasn’t necessary

“I think I have seen this. I remember this!”

The accumulated knowledge from the original Falma merged with him as he was able to read the medical journal and pharmaceutical book, and can vaguely remember the contents of it.

“As for this”

“Is it difficult? It is difficult for me!”

Lotte seemed terrified and he just shrug his shoulder. The girl has difficulties reading the words that was packed together on the book. And she was slightly captivated by Falma who was reading a troublesome book with a serious face.

Falma would have certainly told her not to make a fuss.

(This is terrible)

To put it bluntly, what was written on the various books that he picked up where horrifying. Wrong treatment methods and the medicine recipes are full of poisons. It is no longer a medical treatment if you pray to the gods, controlling illness through astrology, deciphering numerology, and so on. It was substantially in the wrong direction.

It was completely charms and spells.

They just overlook those kinds of medical practice.

In this world, “Illness are trials given by the gods” was the basic idea. Medical pharmacology and religion are closely related with Astrology. They depend on prayer and confusingly chase the movement of the stars.

The medical science and pharmaceutical knowledge of this world was miserable.

(This is the dark age of medical treatment of this world)

Falma was irritated when he thought that a healthy person can almost die from such a medical treatment.

“Falma-sama, are your eyes tired? Please rest for a little bit〜”

“After I read a little bit more”

Lotte quietly watched without disturbing Falma, who was immersed at the book for so many hours while moving about gallantly.

“Falma-sama is surely hardworking. And his figure is dreamy”

And she looked toward him in admiration.

Falma closed the book when the room became dim.

He stretched his neck left and right and murmured quietly.

“I have to do something for the sake of the people of this world”

Perhaps he was reincarnated with his previous life’s knowledge just for that.

Such a thought crossed his mind.

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The Apprentice to a Royal Court Pharmacist: Falma de Medicis

Fanfare resounded in the mansion.

“Is something starting?”

“It is time to eat Falma-sama”

Lotte called him out in a hurry.

“I’m getting hungry. Will you come and eat Lotte?”

Anyone will get hungry not matter what they do.

“After the Master is done then its time for the servants to eat”

“I got it!”

It’s Lotte’s growth period so she needs to eat dinner early. So he hurried on.

Falma checked the faces of the family members who had gathered on the dining room for the first time.

“You’re up. I sent you to bed since you were sleeping”

“Yes, I’m sorry to have caused you worry”

The first one to greet was man with blond beard and blue eyes. The person was tall and lean with a sharp glint in the eyes. It was the master of the mansion and the father of Falma, Bruno de Médicis, 37 years old.

A Royal Court pharmacist who does medical examination and prescribing medicine to generations of royalty and nobles, and serves as the president of San Flueve Royal School of Pharmaceutics in the Royal Capital. A user of Divine Art of Water.

An excellent aristocrat with special skill in this world, the title of “Archduke” was bestowed unto him. The ranks were Archduke, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron.

In other words, those with rank of Archduke are grand nobles.

“It’s good that you have recovered”

A lady with silver hair, blue eyes, and having a neat demeanor, called out to him. It was his mother, Beatrice, 34 years old. She came from a prestigious family of users of Divine Art of Wind.

“Elder brother”

A young woman who had blue eyes, curly blonde hair that reached her waist, and full of charm called Falma. His younger sister Blanche, 4 years old. Although young, she is a master of Divine Art of Water just like her father.

She had a pretty face for her tender age. Falma is convinced that she will definitely become beautiful in the future.

By the way his elder brother who is away right now is Pilule, 16 years old. An elder brother whom Falma sympathize in regards to their names, was an elite student on the most advanced pharmaceutical university which is located in the far foreign land, the Nova Root Pharmaceutical University. Since the rule was for all students to live in the dormitory, he only comes home twice a year.

Having met the family, he sat at the big table of the large dining room.

His father prepared a porcelain basin for hand washing on top of the table and poured clear water using Divine Art of Water.

His younger sister Blanche, poured water on his basin, and also filled his mother’s basin. Even though his mother was a noble, the elemental attribute was different so it’s the daughter’s job to produce water.

Falma kept calm as the water in the basin in front of him was poured, he then washed his hands.

Bread, knife and spoon was placed on top of the tablecloth. Blanche said the prayers to the gods, the family recites it and the meal starts.

(Ah, the meal is unexpectedly delicious)

It started with chicken cordon bleu with plenty of spices, then wild rabbit stew are served one after another. Falma obeyed what Lotte said about table manners, and tried to eat slowly. Because he regretted the time where he was

only eating something like CalorieMate, his poor tongue very much served its purpose in this parallel world.

(I had worked too much and have not eaten a decent meal)

He savored the taste of the parallel world while chewing each mouthful with relish.

“So Falma. Is there still numbness in your body? Being struck by lightning…….”

The dinner just started and immediately Falma’s mother was anxious about him.

Incidentally, the mother was only one who was fond of wine in the family. The father was drinking water as he prepares for house calls from patients. The water he made himself was very pure. He squeezed a lemon and the fragrance spread out.

“My memory is just a little bit hazy. But I’ll be able to remember it soon. So you don’t have to worry dear mother”

Falma answered calmly. Lotte told him to use polite language to his parents, and call them dear father and dear mother. As should be for a 2nd son of a grand noble.

“However, you had survived by a hair’s breadth. You heart pulse stopped completely, it seems that the potion I gave you after you were struck by the lightning worked”

The father interjected with satisfaction, it seemed to have increased his confidence in his skills as a pharmacist. He had a cardiac arrest and stopped breathing so he administered the potion orally, Falma almost choked his food. It’s good he didn’t get choked

(Well, perhaps the potion might had been very effective)

He thought about it, but he saw the formulation written on the book so there’s no reason to doubt it.

Since the original Falma was a quiet and calm person, it is necessary to behave as is, so as not to expose the real him.

Now he was thinking about what did happened to the original Falma. Because

they had said that he had died once due to the lightning, perhaps the original memory might disappear. He felt like running away when he thought about it. He had taken over that body and felt guilty about it.

But the original Falma had died already and his ego had disappeared.

He held a memorial service in his mind and decided to live up for the original Falma's sake.

The pharmacologist and the original Falma had merged in one mind.

"However, if your memory is vague, I will be worried. I will take care of you so you don't have to stress yourself. If there is something troubling you, just say it. If there is something you want to eat, I'll have them make it for you"

Compared to the domineering father, the compassionate mother was more pleasant.

"Yes, thank you dear mother, I'm happy that you said it"

After his mother exchanged a word or two with Falma, she didn't feel some strange feeling that Falma's personality had changed. Falma thought about it too, anyhow having heard from Lotte the usual attitude and tone of the original Falma proved to be fortunate.

"You should rest in bed for a few days. Will you be able to join on the next house call?"

After the father was done eating, he wiped his mouth with a napkin and recalled that he needs to remind him of that. Falma forced a smile as he doesn't know what was all that about, the father then guessed that Falma's memory is still vague, so he added.

"It's her Majesty's house call"

"I remember now. I will go with you"

An apprentice pharmacist must train by seeing the work of the mentor which was part of the job of the Royal Pharmacist. Even though the original Falma was only 10 years old, he usually help his father during medical examination.

House call for the royalty and nobles are usually important, but this time, its the most highest status from among his father's patients, this is no ordinary

person.

When he said her Majesty, he meant the empire of San Flueve, her Majesty Elizabeth II.

(This is a big job)

Falma cowered at the thought of what kind of medicine to prescribe to the empress. He prayed that he won't be hanged if the treatment failed.

"By the way, about the ointment that was used recently on both of your burnt arms, The ingredients and compounding method of Geolade is?"

It appeared. That was the surprise pharmacology question that Lotte was talking about!

"The main ingredient of the herbs are; Tin Pyrite from Lahara region, oil concoction from Katesso, Eye of a lizard and powdered wing of the Full-moon Night Bat. The method is to boil it in holy water for 1 night while offering a prayer to purify it, dry it the next day under the sun for 3 days, then ground it to fine dry powder.

Having no time to think, the information from the book he read earlier smoothly came out from Falma's mouth. He imitated the way on how the original Falma recites from memory.

Although he instinctively blurted out the compounding method, he felt ashamed as a pharmacologist with a doctorate degree from modern Japan.

However, it can't be helped that he had to do it this way.

It would be troubling if he got kicked out of the mansion.

"You remembered. You are truly my son"

His father greatly nods in satisfaction without knowing the real circumstances. By the way, because the suspicious ointment will develop a rash or inflammation if contact with the skin was prolonged, a shorter duration was the correct solution. In that respect, he quickly wiped off the medical herb, and washed the arm in clean water. The satisfied father didn't knew he took that action.

"All right. Since there are no particular problems in your physical condition, can you resume going back to Eleonora's lecture tomorrow?"

(It’s a person I don’t know)

He later got the information from Lotte,

Eleonora Bonnefoy.

The top pharmacist disciple of his father, and the tutor of Falma.

“You’re suspicious. You’re absolutely suspicious. It’s like you’re a different person”

The woman in front of Falma drew her fingers on the table as she murmured those words.

Falma winced at the voice of the young lady sitting across him.

She is the private tutor of Falma, and the top disciple of his father, a pharmacist with top class beauty, Eleonora Bonnefoy, 16 years old. Her lustrous silver hair parted into both sides shows a cool impression. She wore a long matte textured light sky blue tight dress skirt, a daring slit that emphasizes her every move, and her shoulder was widely open.

He was too embarrassed to look at the ample bust where her hands are crossed under it.

(That dress is too liberal. She had glasses even!)

If this world was equivalent to medieval Europe, Falma assumed that the clothing culture would be more appropriate for that era, but it does not seem necessarily so. Indeed the de Medicis family wore medieval conservative clothing. If anything, her attire was casual for a fantasy world. It was indeed a parallel world. And Falma was admiring her.

“Is that so? You’re just imagining it!”

“You’re too formal. Using honorifics”

Falma regretted that he hadn’t learned the conversation pattern with Ellen. Because it was a student-teacher relationship, he assumed he needed to use honorifics.

(How to speak to her. Should I act like being too friendly with a teacher character?)

The meeting place with Eleonora was on a riverbank that flows along the premises of the mansion. Located in the center of a garden was a western style gazebo made of white stone. The sunlight was blocked by the domed roof and the wind blowing over the garden was comfortable and pleasant,

Two people sat across each other at a bench separated by the round table in the gazebo, the space was conducive for outdoor learning.

The place was a herbal garden owned by his father. Falma was worried that the herbal garden in the riverbank might be swept by a flood, but because the de Medicis family were Divine Art of Water users, his father uses the art to prevent the river from overflowing to the herbal garden. Thieves target that place because expensive medicinal plants are grown there. Of course, to prevent the property of de Medicis family from being stolen, nighttime security system of the herbal garden was flawless, that was such a herbal garden. Falma was looking around the herbal garden while waiting a while ago, and he saw a familiar herb from his original world, he found out that it was a plant used in traditional Chinese medicine. There was also unknown herbs unique to this parallel world.

“This is how I speak normally Eleonora-sensei”

Was it OK to Eleonora to be called that way? Or should it be Bonnefoy-sensei? As he was trying to think of a better way to converse, he was interrupted immediately.

“It’s Ellen you know. Still, why do you seem so different.

“Fine, I’ll confess. My memory is somewhat hazy because I was struck by lightning”

“You should have told me earlier”

Ellen pouted while sulking after all.

“Certainly, being struck by lightning can change your personality but…… perhaps you will recover soon. You must appreciate that your life was saved”

Ellen stood up, looked to him over her shoulder and showed a pleasant smile. That translucent smile was dazzling. She went out of the gazebo towards the river. Falma followed afterwards.

“Today’s lecture is not a pharmaceutical lecture, it’s to check your Divine Skills”

Ellen asked Falma if he remembered all the Divine Skills (Divine Art Techniques).

Ellen taught the original Falma many Divine Arts.

He seemed to be an excellent student with good intuition.

“I wonder if its possible to make water and pour it on the cup”

When Falma said so jokingly, Ellen held her brow.

“It is a fact that I don’t remember everything”

With writing tools on Falma’s hands, he listened attentively to Ellen’s lecture.

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The Divine Art Lecture of Eleonora

Falma was eagerly listening and taking down notes from the lecture of Eleonora, also known as Ellen.

All nobles of this world had an aptitude for Divine Arts and had a guardian deity.

The guardian deity and the Divine Art attribute were already decided at birth. The guardian deity was appraised during the baptism ceremony at the church. After the baptismal ceremony had finished, the guardian deity had been determined, and the blessings had been received, the Divine Vein would open up inside the body and the Divine Arts could then be used. The amount of divine power was decided at birth, and one couldn’t increase the amount of divine power by training.

The Divine Art attributes were; Fire, Water, Wind, Earth and Non-Elemental.

The attributes were further divided into Positive and Negative.

On the off chance that a guardian deity couldn’t be determined, the child’s

Divine Vein wouldn't open up. The child would the be disowned, and have their rank of being a noble stripped from them.

Therefore the Aristocratic System was centered around the Divine Arts.

(Even if one is a noble, it is still quite severe)

Falma focused his mind.

His father, Bruno, his brother, Pilule, and Falma's guardian deity were the Deities of Medicine. Their Divine Art attribute was Water (Major). And Ellen taught him.

There were over 100 guardian deities in this world.

It started with the common Sun God, the Moon God, Mother Earth, Wind God, and Sea God. Also there were occupational deities like Deity of Healing, Deity of Medicine, Deity of Blacksmithing, and so on.

There were not many in the continent that had the Deity of Medicine, which allowed apothecaries to use excellent Divine Arts as their guardian deity.

It was for that reason that his father, Bruno, was appointed as Archduke.

By the way, Ellen's guardian deity was the Water God.

(So, the guardian deity has something to do with the Divine Art attribute. This is indeed a world of the occult)

He was a pharmacologist who lived in present day Japan. Gods, ghosts, devils, magics, and Divine Arts were unscientific. He didn't like such things, so he hadn't ever learned them.

"Are we good up to here?"

Ellen asked for confirmation. Falma nodded while looking at the notes he had written down.

"Thank you, I understood it well. By the way, what is non-elemental?"

"It's an attribute that cannot be categorized within the 4 attributes. There have been non-elemental in the past, but the church hasn't heard of any appearing in the last 300 years"

Ellen just gave a wry smile when discussing or rebuking the church.

(Which attribute am I? If it's not the water attribute, will it match the Deity of Medicine? If I was reincarnated and woke up as a different character, would the attribute not change?)

Falma was in great doubt. Because he could create water, he'd just pretend that his attribute was Water [Positive], but……

"What if one can create any substance just by thinking it, what attribute is it?"

"Because it doesn't fit the definition of the 4 attributes, it would be non-elemental, but there is no such thing as to create any substance. You are only able to create one substance. To create anything you like would not be considered a Divine Art; rather, you would be something like a god or a monster"

(If that's the case, what is this ability then)

Falma was getting troubled over this, but he decided to not care about the discussion on attributes for now.

"So why do I have to learn Divine Art?"

"There are two reasons for you. First, for self defense"

Nobles didn't carry swords, they carried Divine Wands, which amplified their Divine Arts, as replacement for swords. It was said that having a sword was a disgrace.

"This is a sword for us"

She took a folding wand from her belt on her waist; it looked good.

In war, common soldiers were useless. Strategies and Tactics boiled down to firing off Divine Arts at each other. It was said that an excellent tactician could change the topography and submerge a castle.

"Falma-kun! What is the next most important thing to a noble?"

"Ah!"

He had brought a notebook and a textbook with him, but he had forgotten the important wand. He recalled that there was a box with luxurious ornaments beside his pillow, wherein seemingly, a silver wand was placed. With that, Falma came to understand.

“A Royal Court Apothecary does not have to master Divine Arts and Military Arts like the Holy Knights, but you must not leave your wand”

It is said that nobles were targeted by the assassins not just once or twice. In addition, thieves and thugs always aimed for them in the streets.

“Another reason to learn Divine Art is because medicines made with Divine Arts have magnificent effects. It’s a required skill for Royal Court Apothecaries”

There were three classes of apothecaries in this continent; all were under control by the empress.

Royal Court Apothecary: Prestigious Aristocratic Apothecary. They mad and prescribed medicines for the nobles and the royalty. There were 3 on record.

First Class/Second Class Apothecary: Aristocratic Apothecary. They mad and prescribed medicines to the nobles only. There were 21 on record.

Third Class Apothecary: Apothecary of the Commoner, belonging to the Apothecaries Guild. It’s the Apothecaries Guild that issued this license. They made and prescribed for the commoners only. There were 246 on record.

The 3 people including his father weren’t recognized by a license, but by the imperial decree of the Empress as Royal Court Apothecary that they held.

The Royal Court Apothecary, First Class, and Second Class Apothecary didn’t sell medicines, but devoted themselves to healing only. Because Aristocratic Apothecary made medicine with Divine Art, the medicine that the Commoner Apothecaries sold was completely different. Ellen puffs her chest with pride.

“I see…..”

Falma thought about something accordingly.

(The medicinal herbs of this world, when the noble… or should I say, when the Divine Arts is used to process it, does it becomes more effective?)

At any rate, there was Divine Art in this world.

Perhaps he could not completely deny the old fashioned herbal therapy. Although there were some inaccuracies in the formula on the pharmaceutical book found in the bookshelf of the mansion, there were also traditional Chinese medicines that were effective, and a list of active ingredients from several

medicinal herbs…… So Falma revised his thinking.

Falma had the ability to create substance, but he couldn't imagine with his mind the composition of a medicine where the structure was complex. That's the weakness in his ability. In that case, he had to perform compounding in a laboratory; perhaps extracting from plants would be more efficient.

There were medicinal herbs and trees planted in the garden. For example the pacific yew tree, where you can get minuscule amounts of Paclitaxel, an ingredient in anti-cancer drugs. And there are sort of Poppies where you can get opium. He can extract cardiotonic drug from Foxgloves , and so on and so forth. He hadn't given up yet. Ellen called this herbal garden a Treasured Garden.

"Well then, since I will lend you my wand, please face toward the river and try firing off a Lance de l'eau downstream, like this!"

"Lance de l'eau"

When Ellen assembled the folding wand, it was almost as tall as her. She grasped it tightly, chanted the words quickly, then waved and thrusted it intensely towards the sky.

The wand emitted a stream, and the calm surface of the big river shot straight up for several hundred meters. Eventually it drew an arc and gently fell into the river before disappearing.

"Wow! It really looked like a spear"

Falma shouted with joy.

"Now you do it"

Because it was a high ranking Divine Art, her staff would be difficult to use. Depending on the situation, she planned to say nothing about it. While thinking so, she lent the wand to Falma.

By the way, to activate the Divine Art technique, he guessed that one had to recite the [Trigger Chant].

"Should I wave it with all my might?"

"You should do so with all your might. Wait, make sure there are no boats"

Ellen verified from afar that there weren't any fishing boats in the river right now, as that would be a violation.

"You're good to go, give it all you got. The chant is [Lance de l'eau]"

Falma closed his eyes and focused on the wand. He sent an image of a water shooting out from it, but carelessly left out chanting the Trigger Chant.

Then, the wand was waved in position to the sky, and a pale fluorescence rose up from Falma's whole body. The river couldn't hold the large amount of water and quickly swelled, the swirling current approaching the height of the embankment.

Cloud formed over the sky and a storm started to rage.

"Kyaaaaa–?!"

She looked with interest as Falma's Divine technique caused some wind pressure and a shock wave, which blew Ellen into the riverbank. The power of the water current was too big, and they were not simple ones either. At this rate, if the dike was destroyed, the town downstream would be flooded; that was the current situation.

"Woah!?"

When Falma threw away the wand, the water finally calmed down.

"Falma-kun, what….. have you done?"

Ellen was unsteadily standing up with her glasses slipping of slantingly.

"Sorry, I can't adjust the power. You're not hurt right?"

Falma didn't knew the typical power of a Divine technique in this parallel world. It was pointed out that his control was weak.

(When I'm doing personal training, I must not do it near the sea. It would be dangerous if I hit a coastal house or a bridge)

And so he seriously considered.

"Falma-kun, something's wrong with you……you didn't say the Trigger Chant"

"Eh?"

Presently, it seemed that he had overdone himself because he sensed that Ellen's reaction had frozen. He got blindsided by that bad comment, so Falma thought of a way to smooth this over.

"Ellen's wand is wonderful!! It's a wand that can used high ranking Divine Arts, I was surprised"

He tried extremely hard to make excuses while showing a fake smile.

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The Revelation from the Inspection and the Plan of a Pharmacy for the Common People

Falma somehow tried to deceive her but,

"The wand doesn't have to do anything with this! You, what has become of your Divine Power? I mean, is your body OK?"

Ellen got a bag and retrieved an instrument that looks like a stick made of metal.

It looks like a thermometer that simply indicates the divine power, holding it will show a color corresponding to the ability and the amount of divine power.

A person's usable Divine Power is limited, so when training, one has to watch out for their Divine Power level.

Falma used a grand Divine Art, if he used up all his power, he may collapse.

So Ellen was concerned about it.

She was so concerned that she became teary eyed.

"Although you got lucky…. please put out both of your hands! Master Falma. You may have used your life's worth of divine power! That was excessive!"

"This is?"

"Listen up. I'll explain later, just hold this!"

When Falma grasped it with both hands, it began to emit a soft white light.

An intense force started to rise up at the hollow core gauge that looks like a mercury thermometer, He shook it off in an instant.

“Colorless, and broke through the limit..!”

Ellen stepped back in amazement, her glasses fell to the ground and ended up stepping up on it.

The expensive lens was sadly smashed, but Ellen didn’t care about that.

“Umm, your glasses is broken”

“It’s just not possible”

Falma picked up the frame of the glasses that was missing its lens.

“In what way you could break the limit?”

Ellen was confused at Falma, that was oblivious to the implications.

“I would like to hear about this…… by the way, there’s nobody who have a Divine Art that can exceed the Divine Power meter”

Ellen rolled up Falma’s sleeve, and stared intently at the marks left by the lightning strike.

Even though Falma covered it by the tunic’s long sleeves, it was found out because it emitted a light that broke through the clothes clearly.

It seems Ellen was becoming more worried as she stared at it longer.

“This mark, no matter how you look at it, it looks like the holy crest of the Medicine God”

“That is. That’s what Lotte also said, but you’re just imagining it. Anyone will have this if they got hit by a lightning”

Falma knew when he checked the book about the holy crest of the Medicine God.

It certainly resembled closely, but for Falma, it differed from his own opinion of “The scar shaped like a Lichtenberg figure because of the lightning”

“When you use Divine Art, do you feel hot inside your body? Do you have

shortness of breath or having some kind of palpitation?”

“There was no such feelings, only there was a sense that the power flows in from another world. It’s probably why I don’t get tired”

“As I thought so….. An art from another world. Usually using too much divine power will cause you to collapse and sometimes death, yet you still have divine power that still exceed the divine power meter”

Ellen looked sexy as she fold her arms and wondered what kind of power it was.

“Master Falma. You must never hold a divine power meter in public from now on. You must not show it to your father either. Also, you must not use Divine Art at full power”

She was brooding.

Because her glasses was broken, she was checking the book so close she could lick it. She confirmed the definition of the attributes and expressed her thoughts for now.

“Seems like you fall under the Major and Minor Non-Elemental attribute”

She seemed to understand easily the attribute by the color emitted by the divine power meter.

Because it was white, that meant it was Non-Elemental.

“Is Non-Elemental rare?”

He just heard earlier that there was no one who was a Non-Elemental user for hundred of years.

“Rare is an understatement. It is an unknown ability that said to have much more divine power that the Empress. Are you perhaps interested in getting the throne? It will be become that kind of story”

“But isn’t the House de Médicis a family of Apothecaries?”

Talking about becoming an emperor suddenly, Falma stood petrified while holding the glasses.

“It does not matter”

There was a throne succession system for the emperor of San Fleuve Empire.

Family status and guardian deity are took into consideration for the strength of the divine power, a legitimate child of a noble who greatly excel in abilities will be selected by the church committee.

In Falma's case where he already surpassed the divine power of the Empress, and the de Médicis family status was enough already. He had all the qualifications to become an emperor.

However, it would be inconvenient for the reigning Empress, in fact he was told he might get assassinated by the Empress.

"So, are you interested?"

"Not at all. First of all, I'm not good at politics. It would be terrible if they leave the politics to me"

As he was naturally a man of science, he was certainty not into liberal arts.

It is a fact he can't do what was unfamiliar to him.

"Then it's better to be silent about it right? Let's stop the lesson for today here. Although we didn't get into the second half of the lesson"

Ellen seemed to be relieved that she now knew Falma didn't have any ambition.

"Thank you then. About this one. This glasses, don't forget it to bring it home. Because it still can be used if the lens are replaced"

However, Ellen didn't move from her spot.

"Are you not going home?"

"If I don't have my glasses I can't see anything. Although there is a spare glasses in the mansion"

"Shall I walk you to the mansion?"

Falma lead Ellen by hand and the crossed the bridge to return to the mansion from the herb garden.

He doesn't know how far can Ellen see with her vision, she seems not able to see at all.

“There is a step here, be careful”

She pulled the hand of the woman who is taller than him, and escorted her across the bridge from the riverbank of the herbal garden to the mansion.

The delicate hand of Ellen was cold.

She doesn’t seem to be sensitive to cold.

“Your hand is trembling, are you OK?”

“Ye, yes?”

The silence continued for a while and the atmosphere of awkwardness sets in.

“Hey master Falma, don’t you think you were given power during the lightning strike?”

Falma braced himself.

Ellen told him that yesterday was the strongest influence of the Medicine God due to the configuration of the stars.

“That Divine Art a while ago, no human is expected to do that”

Falma was clearly informed and anxiety sets in, he stopped walking.

“Perhaps your guardian deity, the Medicine God, possessed you. If I’m not mistaken, your heart beat was stopped by the lightning and your personality changed also”

(So it’s like that huh?)

Falma understood that it was fear she felt towards him.

A man with too much power was not treated as a human anymore, it was fear of the divine possession.

“I would like to believe that you were still the master Falma that I knew before, however you are completely different”

For her to think that way, or rather she would have been instantly killed at point blank range by him if error was made on the adjustment of the Divine Art, thinking about that her hand trembled uncontrollably.

“Your power, can you control it completely? Will you not go on a rampage?”

“I don’t fully understood it, but I’m sure I can control it”

Even though he was given power, Falma didn’t think he would abuse it.

(I’ll be proficient at curing injured persons)

He doesn’t believe on something like a soul, even if he got reincarnated and his personality was the same.

“That’s right, when you drop your glasses, you should do it this way”

When Falma thought about it, he released Ellen’s hand, he made a sign of circle with his forefinger and thumb on both hands, and placed it on his eyes like glasses.

The mood on that spot unraveled and Ellen rolled about in laughter spontaneously.

“Pfft, that was funny”

“This hole is getting smaller. I think I was deceived”

Ellen can’t help it but followed his lead and made a shape of glasses and placed it in front of her face.

“It’s getting smaller furthermore, it’s now a pinhole”

“Eh? Eh, eh? Wait, eh, eeeehh!?”

When she said so while doing it, Ellen screamed.

She smiled delightfully.

“I can see! I can see far away! how do you know such a thing!?”

On the contrary, Falma doesn’t know how and just shrugged his shoulder.

“If the field of vision is narrow, I can see very well!”

Two people spoke to each other while imitating a pair of glasses.

“Oh?”

(What’s this?)

Falma was surprised with another thing while looking at Ellen that got curious.

When looking at Ellen over the ring, her eyes and left hand’s fingertip was

glowing a bluish white color.

“Is something on my face?”

Ellen stroked around her cheek with her finger.

He took her hand unconsciously.

“Ah!”

“What?”

When Falma saw Ellen through his circle of finger, the second joint of her left hand’s middle finger seemed to glow a bluish white color.

When he put away the circle of finger, it went away.

He can only see it with the circle of finger on his left hand.

Falma touched the part of Ellen’s finger where it was glowing.

“Ouch, ouch! What are you doing!?”

Ellen screamed and became teary eyed.

“Eh? But I didn’t put too much force on it”

“There, my finger got hit this morning and its painful. How did you realized I sprained my finger? I didn’t even bandaged it!”

“Sprained?”

As soon as Falma said so, the pale bluish white color turned into an All white color.

After trying a variety of things, he got results. If he make the sign of a circle on his left hand and supply divine power on it, the patient’s affected part glows bluish white, and the color changes if he guessed correctly the name of the disease or whats wrong with it.

“This is surprising”

“It’s like the Divine Eye of the Medicine God. Master Falma, it is as I thought so, ah!”

The Medicine God had a legend that it can detect all kinds of illness, and will bestow any kind of medicine depending on the symptom.

Ellen pointed in horror at Falma's feet, as she opened and closed her mouth wordlessly.

"You don't, don't…… have a shadow!"

Under Falma's foot in front of her, there was no shadow.

"Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaa———!?"

As expected, Falma screamed at this.

"I won't, I won't say anything. I won't tell anybody that you are the reincarnation of the Medicine God, I won't say you are something like a monster, therefore……. Help meeeeeeee!"

Ellen seemed to finally felt great danger to herself, and ran away quickly while occasionally tripping.

She seemed so frightened that she threw away the frame of her glasses again.

"What should I do?"

Falma was honestly at a loss.

It won't be noticeable in the mansion where there are many shadows and its dim, but outside where its considerably bright, Falma will stand out not having a shadow.

He had no choice but to believe that Ellen will keep it a secret

Still, one day he will get exposed as not having a shadow and will certainly get persecuted.

He got a headache while thinking so.

At the steps after crossing the bridge, he can see the figure of Ellen falling down magnificently ahead.

It would seem to take quite a while for any word to remove the misunderstanding.

"Welcome home!"

"I'm back"

Falma returned back to the mansion after killing some time until it was

evening, Lotte was warming up the room when he looked at her using the [Divine Eye].

Then the hand of the hard working girl, who does laundry and kitchen work, was emitting a dim blue light, he discovered a lot of chapped skin.

“[Chapped]”

The blue light in her hand turned into white.

That was seemed to be the correct answer.

He immediately created a moisturizing agent which primarily was a lotion with added floral fragrance, placed it on a vial with a lovely ribbon which a girl will surely like.

“Waah! What is this?”

“Because I’m grateful to you, this is your present. Apply it to your hands before going to bed. Your skin will become smooth after a while. You can even apply it to your face”

“Yes! I’m so glad!”

Lotte was so delighted that she wasn’t able to say anything anymore.

She seemed to want to dance for joy.

“Can my mother use it too? Mother’s hand is also rough and dry”

Lotte raised the vial so high while spinning around, her innocent smiling face was bursting with pleasure.

“Of course”

The next day, Lotte and her mother went delightfully to Falma to show him their smooth hands.

“This is wonderful! Everybody wants to buy it!”

It was said that until now that there was only expensive oil and ointment for hand care.

As for those expensive medication, the sales was being monopolized by the Apothecaries Guild.

“Madam would sometimes give medication to mother, but those medicines are so expensive a commoner doesn’t have access to it”

While looking at the back of Lotte who greeted him delightfully and was returning back to the attic, he thought that the common people must be able to buy medicine with peace of mind. If he was to offer low priced medicine to the commoner, each and every one of them might be glad.

He originally was a pharmacologist with a strong dedication and risked his life to develop innovative drugs to cure people.

He would like to help the people of this unsophisticated world with the technical skills and knowledge he had.

Also, Falma doesn’t want to stand out let alone having no shadow, lest he be branded as a heretic who is not human anymore.

In order to avoid being feared as a monster or persecuted enough to be killed…. Wait, to be accepted by everyone around him even in the worst case that he got exposed, he must become an existence that must be necessary for them, and be fully aware of any danger so he can work diligently.

To be able to spread the medicine and serve the people of this world, he needs to open independently a pharmacy in the future, and entrust his brother as the aristocrat business partner to fund his material creation.

Falma had began to thought up a plan for future prospects

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The Agreement and Ellen Resumes her Job

A carrier pigeon came in the next day from Ellen addressed to Bruno.

She had a high fever today and would like a day off from teaching. She was also suggesting that she wants to resign being a tutor. Bruno called out Falma in response,

“It looks like she will take a day off today due to high fever, she seems to be troubled by a nightmare. This is unusual to say the least”

Falma was unable to say anything when he himself may be the cause of the nightmare. Which in some cases can lead to high fever.

“To quit being a tutor, what a joke. “I told her that having a pupil and teaching them is part of being an apothecary”

Falma thought that it was better to leave Ellen alone. Bruno however,

“I guess you can suffer delirium from a fever, so you are going to deliver this”

And it was his beloved potion again.

Ah….. Falma’s eyes turned like a dead fish.

(If I go, wouldn’t that just make the situation much worse than before? Heck, she may not even accept the medicine from me)

Even he thought so, he can’t go against the order of his father.

In the end, in accordance with the order, Falma boarded a carriage and went to deliver the potion to Ellen.

“Master, we have arrived. This is the mansion of the Bonnefoy Family”

The coachman knocked on the door of the carriage that Falma boarded.

“Thank you”

The trip with the carriage was rocky, but he had arrived at a wonderful mansion. Eleonora Bonnefoy was a daughter of an Earl. It was not as big as Falma’s mansion, but the mansion was quite big to live in the outskirt of the royal capital. The mansion had a Renaissance style and was refined.

“Please pardon my incompetent daughter, for she is feeling unwell at the moment. If you have time, I’ll call upon you from the drawing room”

Because the son of the Archduke went personally, Ellen’s father who is an Earl received him from the entrance hall.

“Forgive me, but if she is feeling unwell, then I will just have to return without seeing her. Please hand this to my teacher Eleonora”

A letter from Bruno was also given. The contents of the letter told her that if she wants to quit she will be slacking off, she was told to remain a tutor after the fever was gone.

“For you to have come all this way, I cannot just send you back, I will call her to come here”

“But she has high fever”

“She will come even if she has to crawl”

Falma didn’t intend to meet her, but by all means, he was ushered to the drawing room by the Earl.

To think that Ellen came in from the door of the drawing room, although possibly not her from the half opened steel helmet. He looked at her intently.

“Ellen? I’m sorry to bother you”

“What did you came here to do? Are you possibly here to kill me since I knew your secret!? Is that right!?”

“No not that! In any case, will you please sit down”

Falma raised both of his hands to show he doesn’t have a wand.

On the other hand, Ellen was fully armed. She wore an Anti-Divine Art full plate armor, only her eyes can be seen. She prepared 3 wands that had high performance. She was determined to fight back.

Even though she entered the room, she decided to be as far away as possible from Falma as she clung to the wall. Falma examined Ellen with his Divine Eyes. The high fever was true, but it was just a cold. Wearing an armor that covers the whole body, Ellen, who was sick, should considerably had a hard time wearing it.

“Father had instructed me to give this medicine to you. However, looking at this”

Falma placed a vial, emitting a suspicious green color, on the table of the drawing room. Because the potion seemed to only have an effect like that of an energy drink when Falma checked the recipe of his father, he reformulated the medicine which will reduce the symptom of the cold

“Why my Lord….. Although I can make an antipyretic by myself, for what reason did you do this?)

(If you quit from being a tutor because of the fever, wouldn’t you think that your own medicine will not be effective?”

Falma thought but didn’t point it out.

“I will make a compress. I want you to apply this to your sprained finger”

He prepared a compress packed with an anti-inflammatory analgesic ingredient. That was authentic and something effective.

“Also you left the frame of your glasses”

He brought the spare glasses that was in his mansion.

Falma placed the glasses wrapped in cloth and the frame of the glasses carefully on top of the desk.

“Oh, thank you”

Ellen who was prepared to fight suddenly dropped her guard down.

“Are your really quitting on tutoring? Because I just suddenly heard about it”

“That’s right. Well, is there honestly something you to want me to teach? You are the reincarnation of the Medicine God you know? Having a tutor is unnecessary anymore. You will properly master the use of your Divine Art right?

Within Ellen, she finally decided that Falma seems to be the reincarnation of the Medicine God.

“No, I think of myself as human and I don’t fully understand my Divine Art”

Although Falma stated that he was human, he can’t confidently say it based on his condition.

“Master Falma, how can you explain it? You must have a shadow to be human. Aah, I wonder why I had to state the obvious. Besides, I’m the only one who knows it. Why did nobody in the de Médicis family mansion noticed it?”

Because it was dim inside the mansion, Falma responded in his mind.

Ellen took of her helmet and smashed in on top of the desk. She was probably boiling in heat inside the armor.

“I want you to continue being my tutor. I want you to teach me more things”

“Eh?”

Ellen faced showed a look that she got surprised.

There seems to be no text inside Falma’s mansion regarding Divine Art. The commoners aren’t aware of it, probably because there was tactical meaning to it, that Divine Art skills seemed to be passed down orally. There was almost no notes from the original Falma. Therefore, Falma wanted Ellen to remain as a tutor. Otherwise, Falma will be troubled without knowing how he can control the powerful divine power.

“If I refuse, will you kill me since I know your secret?”

“I will never do such a thing. Anyway, with this I shall return home. Also that”

“What?”

“When you had put down your helmet, you broke your glass again”

He was going to stop it, but he didn’t get in time.

“Kyaaaaa!?”

Falma thought that Ellen doesn’t have any luck with glasses while leaving the Bonnefoy family mansion.

The next day.

“Master Falma, let’s go for the Divine Art lesson! I will be very strict today!”

Soon after breakfast was over, Ellen went into the mansion of the de Médicis family, alone riding on a horse” In full plate armor. She was dressed like she was going to have a duel.

“Are you going to tutor me? Or did you come to fight me?”

“A tutor. This appearance is for my defense in case of emergency. It can’t be helped. If you truly don’t know Divine Art, you must tell me. I’m worried that you might blow up the Royal Capital. Or rather I will get killed, I don’t want to die. We will be training on an uninhabited island so as not to bother other people”

Ellen said it all in one breath that she seemed to feel hot in the armor.

The unarmed Falma was feeling very sorry for Ellen, who arrived as a female knight in full armor, trying to risk her life to suppress the reincarnated malevolent god.

“You’re safe, has your body completely recovered?”

“I’m healthy now. That potion was surprisingly very effective. Even the compress you made was also effective”

Ellen dismounted the horse and approached Falma.

“I don’t know the ingredient that made it effective, so what was it?”

Ellen shifts her new glasses and looked at Falma directly into his eyes.

“So you found out”

It was supposed to be tasteless, but she still understood somehow. with that, Falma admired her.

“That’s right, I knew. Even though I look like this, I’m still a First Class Apothecary. Yet, it’s unforgivable that I don’t know what kind of medicine it was”

Falma was convinced that was the reason she came back. It was very professional of her.

“I want to learn every knowledge of Dieu de Médecine (Medicine God)!”

Ellen had finally started calling him as Dieu de Medicine. It seems that Falma’s existence has been rapidly increasing within her.

“No, It’s different, because”

“Is it a secret? Like having no shadow? Even though I already found out.

“Only you have been aware of it”

They had to at least act normal in public, so Falma made a promise.

Ellen will teach Falma Divine Arts, while Falma will teach Ellen pharmaceutics. With this, an agreement had been establish, and Ellen resumes her job.

And when his father knew that Ellen’s fever was cured overnight and had returned to continue tutoring, he only said “It would be so, it would be so” and his self-confidence in making potion increased.

From here on out, the place where the two of them are teaching each other changed from the riverbank to an uninhabited island.

During that time, there were several small uninhabited islands that disappeared without explanation from the map off the coast of San Fleuve Empire.

However, Ellen can now approach Falma without flinching as a result of the training.

She did not need to wear an Anti-Divine Art full plate armor anymore.

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de Medicis Medical Examination and the First Job

Falma was observing the people in the mansion as there was no lessons from Ellen since she had a day-off.

Although Ellen was calling it the Divine Eye, he decided to call it the [Diagnosis Eye] as it has the ability see through the disease. It was an ability that nobody knows other than his teacher, Ellen. It was a secret even to Lotte.

The ability was activated by making a circle on his left hand fingers and check the patient through it, but the movement of making it was too conspicuous. The patient will make fun of him or think that he was crazy. He will certainly receive some ridicule from those higher rank than him. Therefore he made some experiment and found out that he was able to activate the Diagnosis Eye just by

placing 2 fingers with his eye in between. The action was better but it was still a bit strange

Although he could see the marker in the human body, he needs to concentrate for it.

Her mother had a severe low back pain, so he made the same compress that he made for Ellen.

Her sister had weak bowels, so he made something like a laxative.

When he was walking around the mansion, he casually examined a person he met.

He found out it was a patient, since the Diagnosis Eye showed something glowing in the patient and he guessed the name of the disease. Before the diagnosis the color was light blue, it turned to white after he diagnosed it correctly. If the diagnosis was wrong, it will never turn to white for good.

Also, if he says the correct name of the prescription drug for the disease, the white light will go out. Then he will make the prescribed drug.

Although he himself had the training and the ability to diagnose, he is met sometimes with difficulty in diagnosing.

In Falma's previous life, he was a leading genius pharmacologist in the world. So it was only natural that he had medical knowledge, but he was no doctor. Therefore he maniacally names the diseases even though he has no knowledge of it. Still he diagnosed them patiently and prepares a medicine base on the symptom of the patient.

"How do you do young master?"

"Good morning Marianne"

Marianne was in charge of laundry today as they pass each other in the corridor, while she was carrying a large amount of laundry. She was a middle-aged woman who washes the clothes of his parents. Always cheerful, she was pleasant to talk in the laundry drying area. She doesn't have anything bad in her character.

"Master Falma, please you have to go outside. The weather is beautiful"

“Yes it is Caesar”

Caesar was a middle-aged man, who was a gardener and always speaks to Falma and suggest to go outside. He was healthy too.

(Everyone, living healthy is number 1)

Falma was nodding and grunting in agreement.

He also gave the servants appropriate medical examinations and gave them medicines for treatment using his material creation ability. The servants shed tears with joy. It was said that they had never receive any medicine from the Lord of the mansion.

Even now, Simon the Butler was fidgety when Falma’s father passed him by, seems like he had tooth decay.

Falma was putting the treatment for tooth decay on hold, as it needs further consideration.

“Unexpectedly, father has not seen everyone in the house”

He was chatting with Lotte while strolling through the courtyard in the mansion.

Falma believed that servants should be part of the family too, but it seems that it’s not a common practice in this world.

“Because His Lordship is an apothecary for the nobles. He does not have time to pay attention to the commoners”

“Even though he is an Apothecary of the family?”

“It is the way it is”

It was said that an aristocratic apothecary must not examine a commoner. When a servant suffers from a severe disease, a 3rd Class Apothecary from the Apothecaries Guild will be called upon to examine the patient. He was surprised that the death rate among the commoners was high because the medicines were expensive and treatment was dubious.

The average lifespan of this world was low, assuming someone reached adulthood, there were few things that can extend someone’s life.

“Master Falma does not discriminate and is so kind to us commoners. I am sure you will be an excellent apothecary”

Lotte thanked Falma on behalf of all the servants. However he just said with a smiling face.

“It’s absurd to discriminate against patients by their social status”

It was only natural for Falma, as a person from the modern world, to treat the patients equally and offer the best treatment.

When in Rome, do as Romans do. Nonetheless, there are some things that can’t be conceded.

And now he had discovered another hidden ability when making a circle on his right hand.

He can magnify what he is seeing through the circle depending on the size of the circle!

To sum it up, the following are his abilities so far:

- Left Hand – Ability to create substances.
- Doing a circle on his left hand – Diagnosis Eye, the ability to see through the disease.
- Right Hand – Ability to erase a substance.
- Doing a circle on his right hand – Ability to magnify the view within the circle.

“I am undoubtedly, not a human being anymore”

It might not have been an exaggeration when Ellen suspected that Falma was the reincarnation of the Medicine God, Falma had arrived to the same belief.

Falma should be ecstatic from having very convenient abilities. However, his wariness outweighs all of it. Furthermore, Falma was really troubled that he doesn’t have a shadow probably because it was compensation for his abilities. The people in the mansion hasn’t seem to noticed it, but it was only a matter time before they do. He made sure to only walk in the shade.

Doing it that way, he can hide the fact that he doesn’t have a shadow.

“But, what about after that?”

It was still OK if it was something like a divine possession, but what about if it was something like a devil? Falma was anxious about it because it would be troublesome if he told someone and a spiritualist heard it.

(Ah, come to think of it)

Falma suddenly realized while sorting out his abilities, he checked something in the jewelry box. All of the jewelry inside seemed to be very expensive. There was a brooch, a ring, and other jewelries. He was not interested in the jewelries, instead he picked a glassware.

“Here it is! I can do it with this”

He collected part of jewelries that had glass and broke it into small clear balls. Then, he heated up the glass pieces over the fire and rounded of the corners to make it into marbles

That was the important part. That day, Falma made something out of glass marbles and a metallic plate in just a few hours. That small work was a simple version of what was his favorite during his past life, he was restless if he doesn’t have that one.

“Oh well, I hope this is good enough for now. Although I really wished for this one to have a good performance”

He was not satisfied with his workmanship, but it will achieve its purpose for now.

That simple handicraft on his hand was glinting in a flash.

“Master Falma. His Lordship has called you”

Several days had already passed, Falma was already getting used to the life in the mansion and he also remembered the faces of all the servants. He had just finished lunch and now was reading while relaxing with Lotte in the garden, Simon the Butler came into his room in a hurry and called him out. The Butler was the highest ranked servant in the de Médicis family.

“I wonder what this is about, I have a bad feeling about this”

Every time Falma’s father called him, it was always been not good.

Mostly it was a surprise quiz of quack pharmaceutics that's waiting for him.

If that's it, then everything was still fine.

He thought about when his father called him in the past. It was a full moon that night when they went together to the herbal garden, there seems to be a magic square drawn on top of the center of the gazebo. His father had a frantic expression with both hands waving while chanting some kind of incantation, like it was some form of punishment game. It was said to infuse divine power to the herbal plants.

Falma, who was bitten by the mosquitoes from the bushes, thought that it was a miserable experience. He was doubtful that his father was really a famous apothecary.

He had enough accompanying his father on his outdoor activities. However.

"This is your job as an apprentice Royal Court Apothecary"

Work. It was the first time Simon called out Falma for that.

"It's the medical examination for Her Imperial Majesty"

Falma shivered as it finally came.

Finally it was his first job.

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The Medical Examination of Empress Elizabeth II

"It's me, Falma. I'm coming in."
Bruno glanced at Falma as he entered the room. Bruno then gathered up all the documents in a hurry, put them in the bag with the medicine bottle, and fixed his clothes.

Several servants and apothecary apprentices gathered to help Bruno with his preparations. Though, Ellen was not amongst them. Bruno then made them leave.

(What?)
It seemed that Falma's father was hard at work, as he could see that his father was losing weight recently. He also remembered that his father had this dry cough for a long time now.

(It certainly seems bad; I'll have to check on it later.)
Falma then casually placed his hand on his left eye.
"What's wrong? Does it hurt somewhere?"
Falma lost his concentration for a moment when his father spoke, and stopped his examination.

Falma was unable to continue, as he drew attention.
"Stand at attention when listening to what I say. You're slacking off!"
"Yes."
Falma quickly stood at attention.

Absolute obedience towards one's father was the custom of this world.
"The condition of Her Majesty changed, suddenly.

If you're not in the condition to go, then stay here since you'll only be a hindrance. Otherwise, get dressed immediately and accompany me."
The contents of this conversation couldn't be heard by just anyone as Falma's father hushed his voice, despite clearing everyone out of the room.

It was unusual. His father didn't look confident.

"I'll come with you. What made Her Majesty ill?"
"I cannot say for sure, but her recovery is taking a long time."

The condition of Her Majesty took a sudden change for the worse in the few recent days. The live-in Chief Physician (Royal Court Physician) was the attending physician that was constantly monitoring her. Sadly, he didn't have any considerable success in improving her condition. That's why Bruno was called almost daily as well.
(Is the condition of Her Majesty or her disease being kept secret? I wonder… were they able to give the correct diagnosis?)

Falma decided to come along as an attendant. Only the Royal Court Apothecary and their apprentice were able to diagnose the Empress. 1st Class Apothecaries and below were not qualified. Falma as an apprentice for the

medical exam, was tasked to hold on to the medical bag, help with the compounding, and do menial jobs.

Only the Royal Court Physician and the Royal Court Apothecary could perform the diagnosis and treatment of the Empress. The Royal Court Apothecary would prepare medicine based on the prescription of the Royal Court Physician. Assassination attempts aimed towards the Empress could occur, if the system of completely separating the diagnosis and the treatment were not in place. The skill and the lineage of the Royal Court Physician and the Royal Court Apothecary were similar. One would diagnose the disease and the other would prescribe the medicine. The apothecaries of this world were different to that of pharmacists in Japan. The apothecaries have the right to independently prescribe medicine. If it's done this way, you can get hold of an apothecary, even if one were unable to find a physician. However, physicians were different in the fact that they were able to perform surgical treatment.

In such circumstances the Empress trusted Bruno, who was a Royal Court Apothecary, more than the court physicians. So much so that she appointed him as the Chief Royal Court Apothecary. Bruno, who was conferred the title of Archduke and living a lavish lifestyle, had the protection of the Empress.

"Brace yourself."
"Yes."
Ellen had said that when there was a mistake in the treatment of the Empress, it caused the status of the Royal Court Physician and the Royal Court Apothecary to reverse.

In other words, the fate of the de Médicis family would rest on the outcome of the Empress' condition. It would be a serious matter if they failed. Falma knew this was the reason why his father was so agitated.

(Is the Empress seriously ill?)
Falma was preparing in a hurry while thinking about this.

He only had one bag since it was the only one he prepared. Among the tools Falma had in his bag was a gadget of sorts.
"Master Falma, please do your best!"
Lotte put on Falma's best gray coat on him.

“See you later.”
Falma waved his hand and smiled towards Lotte as he left.

“Let’s go Falma.”
“Yes.”
Bruno de Medicis, and his son Falma who accompanied him took horses provided by the stable boy. They rode the horses towards the San Flueve Grand Palace, where the Empress resided. Riding with a carriage towards the palace would be too slow.

As the father and son rode their horses, they dashed through the main street of the royal capital along with several personal attendants.
“The Archduke is coming through! Make way!”
An attendant made this announcement as the sound of a trumpet echoed through.
Several elite Holy Knights that Bruno employed were gathered in a tight group.
All commoners lowered their head and made room for them.
Falma’s horseriding skills were magnificent. He was taught by Ellen and he basically inherited the skills learnt by the original Falma.

As he would be helping in the medical examination, Falma grasped the reins while putting together the information he had obtained from Ellen regarding the Empress.
Elizabeth II, Emperor of San Fleuve Empire.
24 years old. She was actually an Empress from that young of an age.
She came from a family of divine art users (fire attribute) with the most power in the whole continent. She holds the authority as Empress to all the countries within the continent.
She was chosen by the temple, as the successor of the late Emperor who died of illness, and she reformed the despotic government after she ascended the throne. She now reigned for 7 years.
She showed shrewdness and expanded the empire with might that surpassed a military genius. She was known as the wise monarch that stabilized the political situation and developed the remote regions.
Falma understood vaguely that her reign was similar to the Roman Empire or like the Russian Czar, who spread absolute imperial rule.

The throne was not hereditary. It was a meritocracy. In other words, Empress Elizabeth holds the largest divine power and the best divine art in the continent. It was said that when she held on the divine power meter during the coronation ceremony, the gauge recorded the highest level of all time in the empire.
To be blessed with strong divine power at birth would mean, royalty recognized by the gods, and by that logic it was something like the theory of the Divine Rights of Kings.

(Emperor, I thought it was a title only, but they take the throne by true strength… So powerful.)
Falma completely ignored his predicament as he admired the gauge of the divine power meter as it swung all the way around. Of course divine power wasn't the only aspect that was used to gauge the Emperor. Their talent was also taken into consideration as well.

The vanguard knights had made arrangement with the gatekeepers and the golden grid gate of the palace was opened with bombastic sound.
(The architecture is much more modern than our mansion. It looked like the Versailles Palace).
The Imperial Palace had a magnificent baroque style view that looked modern as well as a vast garden.

There was a large fountain with a golden statue at the center spouting out water freely. A vast park filled the back of the palace. It was magnificent.

The Imperial servants lined up along the entrance wearing gorgeous costumes. Falma got off the horse with his father.
"We have awaited, your Grace."
They were guided by the Empress' aide as their eyes were dazzled by the expensive furniture. The hallway was covered with several large mirrors. They were moving quickly while being surrounded by several chamberlains. They thought they were going to be ushered into a waiting room, but they were allowed by the court physician to enter the Empress' bedroom immediately.

When Falma entered the Empress' room after his father, he saw the court physicians were waiting at the corner.

They all wore the same black coat. When physicians gave treatment, they

sometimes got bloodstains on their clothes. This is the reason why they wore black attire. It reminded Falma that his father was also wearing the same attire. Of course, they rarely washed their attires. This was an extreme lack of hygiene.

"Chief Royal Court Apothecary, Archduke Bruno de Médicis and his attendant have arrived."
"Enter."
Falma followed his father and showed the same etiquette.
The Empress was laid on her canopied bed. She looked awfully emaciated.
Bruno exchanged words with the court physicians.
As Falma was straining his ears to listen while holding his father's bag, the Empress coughed out phlegm non-stop. With that, one could see that her condition had already advanced to hemorrhaging in her lungs due to the sight of the blood in her phlegm. She had recurring lung hemorrhages, it seemed like she was suffering from dyspnea. Bruno scanned the records provided and her meal contents with a serious gaze.

"Excuse me, your Majesty."
Bruno went beside the Empress' bed and spent time examining her.

He respectfully bowed and took the Empress' pulse without directly touching over her white silk cloth.

(Is it increasing?)

Falma observed Bruno's condition while he holding his father's bag. His father was a Royal Court Apothecary thus his diagnosis skills should be high. Falma was anticipating what could Bruno do.
Bruno was checking the hourglass and alternately checking the Empress' pulse.

When it was done, he collected a small amount of blood from the Empress' fingertips and let it dripped into a petri dish. He also asked for saliva and urine samples, and examined them in detail. He diluted it in water made by his divine art, and placed it in a test tube and a reaction occurred. He glared at the astrology board with a serious look.

Falma tilted his head in confusion when he saw this.
(Is he diagnosing by divine art or fortune-telling?)
Falma didn't believe that his father would be able to diagnose the disease with

such methods. Ellen told him that his father was a famous and excellent Royal Court Apothecary even within the royal court. That he had excellent diagnosing ability. Falma initially doubted his father could become a Royal Court Apothecary with excellent fortune-telling skills. Though, In this world with divine arts, having a skill in fortune seemed to be really important to them.

Bruno then bowed pompously and made eye contact with a court physician.

The court physician responded in agreement and whispered into his ear.
“How was the examination, your Grace”
“That is…”
Bruno signed a document after he closed his eyes with a mournful expression.

It was necessary to write down name of the disease to check whether there wasn’t any discrepancy with the diagnosis of the court physician.
(What is the name of the disease? What is he thinking? Did he correctly diagnose her?)
Of course the name of the disease was a local name to this world. Even if a Japanese person heard it, they would only get confused.

Falma memorized all the names of diseases in this parallel world and their equivalents in Japan. Therefore, Falma would know if they diagnosed correctly if he knew the name of the disease.
When Falma was eavesdropping on their conversation, it seemed the both of them didn’t mention any diagnosis.

He only heard nuanced phrases such as: “her lungs are failing”, “the movement of the star are bad according to the divination”, “her doom is upon her.”
(They didn’t know the name of the disease?)
Bruno then said “I’ll be using the compounding room” and left the bedroom.

Falma also tried to follow and help him, but he stopped Falma and said “You do not need to see this, look after Her Majesty.”

The compounding room had a lock. This was where the court physicians and apothecaries would compound medicine for the royal court. It was constructed beside the Empress’ bedroom.
In there, Bruno had compounded something and placed it in a flask, it was

anesthesic.

Falma knew what it was as the scent passed by him.

(So it was a mixture of opium, mandrake and other ingredients to form a type of narcotic.)

Falma could guess its contents.

The apprentice apothecary positioned himself between the wall and the furnishings, and watched the course of events unfold, while suppressing his presence so as not to disturb them. At the time, the Empress had an intense coughing fit and woke up.

“Your Majesty, how are you feeling?”
Bruno ran and kneeled down beside the bed and asked the Empress.

The Empress was wearing pajamas. Her cheeks were sunken and her skin was dry. She looked undignified. She was a pitiful sick person and it was obvious to those who saw her that the shadow of death loomed over her.
Falma quietly watched her condition from a distance.

“Say it to me, honestly. Can I… can I be saved?”
Bruno gently reassured the Empress who was giving up.

It was an unexpected side of Bruno who was a loyal retainer of the Empress. That character was new to Falma who only knew him as the strict father with a dignified expression.

“Don’t worry, for I was asked to come here. Her Majesty will definitely get better soon. I’ve prepared medicine with excellent efficacy.”
It was a sedative.

Bruno prepared medicine that had little toxicity, but not enough to result in death. They had abandoned the proactive treatment and switched to palliative sedation. The court physicians also agreed with this course of action.

That was why Bruno didn’t show Falma the compounding, because he didn’t want to let Falma know that they had given up on the treatment.
(It’s obvious that Her Majesty is seriously ill, but…)
Falma would have liked to cheer as he anticipated what skills would be shown by

the Royal Court Apothecary, but the father in question was abandoning her with heartrending grief as they started the anesthetic procedure.

"Please gently breathe this vapour, your Majesty, lightly at first"
The Empress' pain would ease up when the anesthetic was given. In other words, the drug would dampen her senses.

"Call the temple priest, tomorrow night will be the end."
Claude, the Chief Court Physician, let off a big sigh and shook his head and informed the monarch's trusted aides and courtiers in secret.

As the vapour of the anesthetic reached her, the Empress' eyes started to doze off. The temple priest performed a prayer to welcome a peaceful death. Aside from easing up the pain, there was nothing else to do but to wait for the Empress to weaken.

(Nobody is going to cure her?)
Falma, who saw everything was alone did not agree to this kind of treatment.

Falma had decided he wouldn't meddle with the treatment of the Empress to make his father, as a Royal Court Apothecary, save some honor. In addition, he wasn't able to move as he was subconsciously bound by the law in Japan that a pharmacist could not do any treatment plan until the physician did the medical examination.
However, his father had already abandoned all hope of treatment and would not heed word from Falma who he assumed to be inexperienced.

(The remaining people have left.)

Falma didn't want to be under apprenticeship to his father anymore.
Falma placed his left hand on his left eye and channeled divine power to his fingertips.
His pupils had changed into bluish-green color and it emitted some light. At that instant he activated his [Diagnosis Eye].

When Falma used the [Diagnosis Eye], color saturation of the world from his view drops. He raised his concentration. Both of the Empress' lungs were suffering from a disease. He saw countless pale light emitting from the lesions. He could almost hear the organs affected by the illness scream.
(This is be difficult…. please don't fail me.)

Falma hushed his voice to the point where no one could hear, and quietly named the disease. If he were in Japan, there would be a place to examine blood tests. There would be all kinds of images, as well as results from a thorough biopsy, but because those kinds facility didn't exist in this world. Falma was unable to have such luxuries.
Even though the [Diagnosis Eye] showed a pale light on the spots where the disease exist, it was not necessarily a malignant tumor. If he thought of the [Diagnosis Eye] as a normal image analysis, he would fail. In other words, illnesses such as common colds and bronchitis would react to it as well.
"Metastatic Lung Cancer, Pulmonary Emphysema, Pneumonia."
He called out the names of various diseases one by one, even if there was only a small possibility that those were the likely diseases.
The color of the light didn't change. The light remained blue.
(It's different? Is this disease particular only to this world?)
It would be very difficult to deal with if this was the case. Falma, who was faltering, suddenly remembered that this was a parallel world of medieval Europe.

(…..That's right.)
He should take into consideration the culture and civilization level of this parallel medieval Europe.
Besides, it was a disease that was said to be eradicated already in modern Japan and yet, could not be ignored, because It was still rampant in the developing countries of his world.
The Empress was young, Falma subconsciously removed all unlikely possibilities.
"Tuberculosis"
The [Diagnosis Eye] cleared the name of the disease. The lesion that was wrapped in pale bluish light was changed into a snow-white light like a soul of a dead person being purified.

This world called it the White Mortal Disease.
During the middle ages on Earth, it was called the White Plague and considered to be incurable.

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EDITOR: Shanks

The Chief Apothecary of the Royal Court and the Reincarnated Pharmacologist Style of Work

It seemed some chamberlain informed the young prince Elizabeth's condition was not good, and he rushed to the Empress' bedroom. The prince came towards Bruno, and requested he stop the administration of the anesthesia for a moment. Since it wasn't fully administered yet, it was still possible to interrupt.

The prince was crying and calling his mother's name at her bedside. Elizabeth feebly stroked his head with her hands. This wasn't the hand of the Empress Elizabeth II who unified the whole continent, it was one of a mother that cared for her son.

What would happen to the prince after she died? Such thought came across her mind. Falma's heart was shaken at the sight of the prince clinging to his dying mother.

Falma, who still had his hand on his left eye, decided on a treatment plan. Speaking about the cure for tuberculosis, there was Streptomycin which was first discovered in 1943, but Falma rejected the because you needed to use a syringe. He decided to use the oral administration (Those that can be drunk by the mouth). Furthermore when combining different drugs, he had to be careful about the disease becoming resistant to the drug.

"Isoniazid."
"Pyrazinamide."
"Ethambutol."

Falma decided on these three types of drugs as candidates. He wanted to use 4 types but [Substance Creation] was only possible if he closed his eyes and could imagine the compounds perfectly. He was only able to completely imagine 3 types of simple compounds with certainty.
It was hard to remember macromolecule compounds. He knew the structure and could write down the structural formula, but there were still lots of things which he couldn't imagine.

The lights from [Diagnosis Eye] went out at once when he mentioned the 3 names, but when he looked carefully, there was still some dim light remaining.
Falma felt uneasiness from that,
(I should add one drug just in case, but should I?)
Nonetheless, he added the 4th drug as an insurance.

(Creating this image will be a feat of mental strength. I really need to imprint this to my brain.)
He stared at the structural formula he wrote on paper and closed his eyes for his brain to project it. He used his cleverness.
“Rifampicin.”
It had the most complicated structure, but it was necessary for this drug to be the key component in the treatment.
The white light went out.

“Your majesty.”
He folded a large handkerchief, covered his mouth and tied it behind his head to make a temporary mask.
Falma decided to walk out in front of the Empress, bowed and introduced himself, and got straight to the point.
“Will you permit me to offer my treatment to your Majesty.”
Empress Elizabeth II faintly started at Falma from her bed with a blank expression.

“What, what did you say?”
There was no absolutes in the effects of the medicine. The condition of the patient could suddenly change and they could pass away before the effects of the medicine could manifest. Considering all that, he braced himself and he put some vigor to each of the word he said.

“There is a special medicine.”
Objectively looking at him, Falma de Médicis was only 10 year old apothecary apprentice. He should be far inferior in skills and knowledge compared to the famous doctors serving the Royal Court, including his father. He felt insulted as a group of court physicians insulted him deliberately that he could hear them saying, “What was this apprentice who doesn’t know his place talking about?”. They heard nothing but nonsense coming out from this greenhorn.

“Falma! Stand down!”
His father, Bruno, yelled at him with a tremendous threatening attitude. With Bruno’s face turning pale, Bruno rushed towards Falma, binding his arm behind his back and leading him out of the room.

Pleading not to say any untactful thing——.
That written all over Bruno’s face.
Bruno apologized while dragging Falma.
“Forgive me your Majesty for my son was rude. I will take him outside immediately.”
“Wait for a while.”
The Empress warned Bruno. And then looked around at the courtiers and the court physicians that lined up.

“Is what he said true?”
Everyone from the court physicians to the apothecaries was embarrassed and held their mouth shut.

“When was a new medicine discovered? In addition, what in the world is this disease?”
Many of the courtiers cast their eyes downward from the implicit pressure of the Empress. No one replied. The Empress, who looked away from the people she depended up, looked directly at Falma.

“You know it… don’t you.”
“I know of it.”
Falma bowed down.
The life of the Empress, who used Divine Arts more than anyone else, was in a precarious situation as death was imminent. And now, she would be euthanized by her most trusted Royal Court Apothecary and court physicians too.
It a risk on to believe this boy’s nonsense. She was practically permitted to gamble her life away.
However, she saw a certain absolute confidence in this boy’s eyes.
They were eyes which were not clouded and seemed to know the truth.

“I will entrust my fate into your hands.”
Falma’s and the Empress’ eyes met.
“As you can see.”

The Empress mustered the last of her strength to bow down. Her shoulders looked very delicate.

"I fully understand."
Falma faced his only patient and took responsibility for her life.
He cannot back away now.
The court physicians and his father, Bruno, who are inside the Empress' bedroom, just stood still. There was nobody to disturb Falma anymore.
Meanwhile, Falma gathered casually some saliva samples from the Empress, left the room and said "I will borrow the compounding room". And he locked himself inside.

"Wait for me Falma!"
His father later on bid farewell in the presence of her Majesty and rushed out to the compounding room to pursue Falma. However the door didn't budge an inch.
"Open this door now!"
While hearing the sound of his Father pounding the door with full force, Falma stained the saliva sample into a glass plate in an experienced way. There were small bottles with chemicals lined up on top of the desk, he took a glass stick and quickly dipped it in. A glass plate was heated over the flame of the lamp, he then arranged the chemical bottles and one by one place a drop on the sample.
He took out a gadget that looked like a metal toy and placed the glass on it, he then held it up against the light of the lamp and peeked through it.

(I knew it.)
After Falma was convinced, his father destroyed the door using Divine Art and went inside.

He broke through the locked room.
In the dim compounding room that was lit up by the candlesticks were the father and son.
The hair triggering tension made the air heavy in the room.
"Speak! What are you doing!"
According to his father, it would seem Falma was performing some suspicious magic.
"What do you intend to do? This is none of your business. Stop it, what are you

doing!!”
Bruno was enraged as his voice was trembling from the intense questioning of Falma.
“I’m preparing the medicine for her majesty now.”
“You fool!”
Bruno roared at Falma’s explanation.
“Even if you look for a skilled physician all over the world, there isn’t anybody that can cure White Fatal Disease! Don’t brag about some kind of new medicine.”

(Huh? Did you just said White Fatal Disease now?)
Falma stopped his hands.
“This is surprising, dear father diagnosed it as White Fatal Disease(Tuberculosis)? How did you know it?”
Among the court physicians, only his father knew that the Empress had tuberculosis. The court physicians only said about how the body fluids were affected by the constellation. Falma thought he was an occult apothecary and he misjudged his father’s ability.

“It reacted with my potion, signs of White Fatal Disease appeared. I’m saying this with evidence to you!”
His father mixed the handmade potion and the saliva of the Empress some time ago.
(Thinking back to it…)
Falma was surprised that the process was similar to a test to determine Tuberculosis. He wondered if it was just coincidence. There was no laboratory procedure that appeared in any book back at Falma’s house.
Besides, there was the time when he saw his father dance like a crazy at the herbal garden during the night as he grinded the medical plants and poured divine power. That was how his father compounded the potion.

(It had that effect!?)
Falma was astonished.
“Is it written in any of the books?”
“It is a new divine skill that I had developed. No book has it. Who do you think I am?”

Bruno de Médicis, one of the 3 Royal Court Apothecary in the continent.
Apart from being an apothecary, he was an Archduke who served as the president of a pharmaceutics university in the royal capital.

If Falma was the renowned pharmacologist back on Earth.
Bruno was the scholar who lead the pharmaceutics in this one.

Bruno and Ellen said they could create special effects on the medical herbs when they poured divine power into it. Bruno was the first in this world that systematically investigated the effects shown by the Divine Art on the medical herbs. Bruno invented a large number of original medicines.

(Is that so. What is it with this parallel world…?)
Falma felt guilty as he only saw his father's formulation only as an occult from a biased point of view. Perhaps the potion that was ordered to be handed to Ellen, and the potion that was given to Falma immediately after he got struck by lightning really was effective.
Anyway, all of them were made from water conjured by Divine Art.
That was the one thing Falma overlooked.
This parallel world had Divine Arts. He concluded that it was an occult without performing any scientific inspection of the water made by Divine Art and other Divine Arts. it wasn't the right attitude as a pharmacologist.
The parallel world had different methods.

While Falma was impressed, his father's behavior still left some doubt in Falma.
"Why did you do it, dear father? Why did you act like you didn't know the name of the disease a short while ago? When did you start your diagnosis?"
They said that the diagnosis started 10 days ago. When the reaction of the White Fatal Disease increased by 30 times compared to the last diagnosis, his father felt mortified.
"Why didn't I told you? Because the White Fatal Disease (tuberculosis) is an incurable disease. An apothecary always gets close to the patient. What would you do if Her Majesty u helplessly plunged into despair? It is for this reason that a greenhorn like you wouldn't understand."
So even though he had a diagnosis, he still played along with the court physicians.

“Getting treatment for White Fatal Disease has no meaning for Her Majesty. Don’t make Her Majesty suffer more humiliation on her deathbed. I never once in the past witnessed a touching hand that was able to cure the disease.”
There was a legend in this world where a king touched a patient with his [Touching Hand] and cured the disease.
Therefore no one was able to tell the Empress she had tuberculosis as there was no cure. Only a god who had higher authority than the Empress could. If so, there would be rumors that the Empress received the vengeance of heaven, and it would affect the honor of the Empress

“Don’t irresponsibly say something like a new medicine. A new medicine for the White Fatal Disease doesn’t exist! That was even the opinion received from the Nova Root. New medicine? It is just your unsubstantial and idle fantasies!”
His father always got new information from this world’s most advance Nova Root Medical University. Bruno severely admonished Falma that it was dishonest to tell a lie to a patient. It was a serious crime to prescribe a placebo drug, and that he should confess that her majesty can’t be cured.
Bruno had thought all possibilities regarding the empress well being.

(Father… youtruly are a great apothecary.)
Falma honestly re-evaluated his father, and he now bore a new deep sense of respect for his father. The reason his father had a dry cough these days was because he was infected by tuberculosis. It was clear, even if Falma didn’t use his Diagnosis Eye. Bruno was infected because he was in close contact with the Empress, even despite knowing she had tuberculosis. Bruno had been seeking a cure for her Majesty,regardless of his own life.

Falma asked his father again.
“I appreciate the concern. Nonetheless, father had thoughts of euthanizing Her Majesty.”
“It was the best way.”
Falma nodded. He agreed, it was the best card his father could use.

“A special medicine does exist.”
“Do not lie!”

“It is not a lie, and it is something you should also drink.”
“…!”

Bruno was at a loss for words as his son had seen through him, and noticed that he contracted tuberculosis, despite having kept it a secret.

When Falma conjured some water and washed his hands carefully, he wiped his hand with a cloth the he kept sterile, took a vial and a flask from his bag and placed it on top of the table.
He turned his back so his father couldn't see, and held the vial on his left hand. The vial was also sterilized beforehand.
(Will they drink a sweet syrup?)
Potions (liquid medicine) are widely used in this world so it should be familiar to them. It was easy to drink and there was low repulsion to the taste. Patients with severe cough would be in a state that would make it difficult to take the medicine. So, Falma devised something.

"Look at me, Falma! Hmph!?"
His father did not miss the flash of the pale light.
That was the light of substance creation. It resembled a sign that a Water Divine Art was activated.
"Wait!"
Remembering the structural formula of the three types of drugs, Falma created the cure with the specified amount and dropped it in the vial. Finally, he began to write on paper the drug with the most complicated structure, Rifampicin, and burned the image into his brain. Drug development became possible.
He then filled another bottle with syrup. He held out the cure to show it to his father.
"Did you just use a Divine Art just now? Why are you hiding it from me? What is it that you compounded?!"
Falma shook the flask with the medicine to mix it well. He made a transparent viscous syrup.

"If you cannot explain what kind of compounding you did, it is just poison! What's your excuse!?"
His father almost reached the limit of his patience, and he immediately held up his gold wand and pointed it towards Falma.
The wand was the sword of the nobles.
Falma remembered the words Ellen said to him. For Bruno, it was the same as

drawing a sword to his child.

“Please put away the wand, dear father. Do you intend to flood the compounding room in water?”
However Bruno didn’t paid attention to his words. Falma placed the flask on the desk.

“Danse d’épée de la glace! (Sword Dance of Ice)”

After Bruno chanted and casted, he aimed his attack at the flask that was on the table.
He didn’t intend to hurt Falma, since Falma wasn’t in the path of the attack.

(He shot it!)
A knife of ice was shot at a very close range. However, his father used a water divine skill which was based on water. Falma knew it very well, so he didn’t hesitate.

Falma stretched out his right hand to protect the medicine.
(Vanish!)
He imagined the molecular structure of ice exactly, and transmitted it to his right hand and brushed swiped the air. When the knife of ice made contact with Falma’s hand, it totally disappeared.
He then raised his left hand and created a thick wall of ice in an instant to separate his father.
With just his bare hands only, no chanting or a wand, it was a perfect defensive barrier.
Bruno didn’t attack Falma anymore. His attribute was water but his specialty was [Positive]. Although Ice was water, he couldn’t take it down because the attribute was [Negative].

“What…?”
Bruno had his eyes wide open in fright as he didn’t expect his son to fight back.
Falma said to his father across the wall of ice.

“In the presence of her Majesty, I will explain the special medicine.”
“Oh…”
Everything will be ruined after this, is what Bruno thought.
Bruno lost all hope and went into despair. He inadvertently began to ask Falma.

“W-who… are you?”

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The Single Lens Microscope and the Discovery of Tubercle Bacillus

Falma de Médicis was the second-born son of Archduke Bruno.
Unlike Pilule who was the eldest son and the heir to the de Médicis family, Falma would become the household Royal Court Apothecary in the future. So his father, Bruno, raised him in a very strict manner since childhood. It was so that Falma could withstand the heavy responsibilities of a full-fledged Royal Court Apothecary with sense of fulfillment.
He was allowed to handle dangerous medical herbs, and be in situations where he could get burned.
Falma would get so exhausted from his training in Divine Arts, that lasted from morning to evening, he ended up crying because he wanted to play.
It reached the point where he was already afraid to look straight into his father’s eye.
It was not a whip of love anymore, Bruno inadvertently became very strict to his own son. Therefore, his father stopped guiding Falma directly and left the training for pharmaceutics and Divine Arts to Eleonore Bonnefoy, Bruno’s most reliable and excellent disciple. Eleonore seemed to have trained him well. For the past several years, Bruno wasn’t able to directly keep an eye to Falma’s growth.

An apothecary tended to be close to the lives of their patient. Since it was most necessary for an apothecary to have an empathizing heart than skills.
It was the sincere face to face interaction with the patient that granted belief.
Bruno neglected to make any effort to understand his son’s heart. Even in regards to his son’s thoughts or dreams.

Bruno didn’t know Falma very well.
Though, he still realized that the boy in front of him wasn’t the Falma he knew.

Bruno couldn’t remember when the change happened. He was deeply

ashamed of it.
Bruno took out a notebook from Falma's bag which was beside him. He flipped through the pages. Falma was separated by a wall of ice so he couldn't stop his father from checking his notebook.
Bruno went pale.

Falma wrote down his notes in Japanese so nobody could read it. He regretted his blunder that his notes in the process of examining stained samples were unexpectedly snatched away.. Though, it didn't change anything as his father couldn't read Japanese. He also began to take all kinds of records of this world like the medical records of the servants he examined and the medication records. He also graphed a lot of examination data. Mathematical and chemical structural formulas would look like a cipher that resembles some kind of magic in his father's eye.

"I will say it again. Who are you!"
In this world, there was a legend of a Changeling (child that was swapped).There was something like an evil spirit that will stealthily swap children. The swapped child was considered to be a child of a monster and not of a human. He suspected that Falma was a changeling because of the strange characters that was written and the use of Divine Arts without a wand. There was also a legend that if a changeling was discovered by a human, it would disappear into thin air. He thought about risking his son's life, but it wasn't his son anymore that would disappear.

"This writing, what is it? this, and this, and this! Where did you learn this!"
"I acquired this knowledge of medicine in a dream I saw, on the day I was struck by the lightning, as well as the written characters."
Falma cooked up an explanation, and his father bought it. It wasn't necessarily a lie if he described his previous life as an event in a dream. If Falma didn't explain, it would be troublesome if he was asked where he learned it, or what book it was written in as those could be searched.

"It was during the lightning strike huh?"
"Yes it was."

In the dim compounding room, Falma took off his coat in order to show the scars on both arms. His father clearly saw it through the transparent ice wall.

"……The medicine god dwells in you."
"This is……"
How did this happen? what kind of person was he? Falma doesn't even know if he was still human. Because Falma had become silent since then, it indirectly transmitted to his father, and he affirmed it.

"I see."
Unlike the father who had been striving day and night on the way of medicine, the son was blessed by the medicine god. His father didn't have any choice but to follow the will of the guardian deity whom he couldn't stop to love and respect.

"Dear father, please use this potion for her majesty. This is special medicine."
If it was said that Bruno compounded the potion and the treatment succeeded, his honor would be maintained. He would also keep his position as the Royal Court Apothecary and would gain the favor of the Empress. Even if Falma didn't meddle, it was better for his father to do so.

"You administer the medicine you made, Falma."
His father shook his head a little bit to decline and solemnly told him.

"That is the pride and responsibility of an apothecary. The patient believed you because you staked your life for the medicine that they receive."
Falma thought that his father was a true Apothecary. He truly realized how immature he had been.

"I understand."
Falma cancelled the ice wall with his right hand, held the potion, and went past his father out of the compounding room. He left a word to his father when passing by.

"Please leave it to me, father. I'm going to save you and her Majesty."

This kind of tone was something his father had never heard from Falma before. It was not the words of an arrogant boy, but he heard it like it was the words of a god.
Bruno bowed his head in silence, then fell down on his knees.
How could he stop Falma anyway?

Falma, with the potion in hand, appeared before the empress.

The empress was sitting up impatiently waiting for Falma to return. She held great expectations. She mustered her last drop of energy to return from the edge of death back to the land of the living.

"You're late, her Majesty had been waiting. What happened to your father? Did he run away?"
The chief court physician, Claude, tattled. Claude thought that because Bruno wasn't able to make a proper medicine, he didn't consider the boy capable of any better. This was not child's play. Claude was irritated that Bruno didn't come back immediately and euthanize the Empress.

"I don't mind that it took time, come closer."
The Empress called Falma to come close. Since Falma was wearing a mask, he was spared from airborne infection. He approached without hesitation.

"For your information, my father did not run away. My father and I compounded this medicine for her Majesty. This is a new medicine, your Majesty."
Falma had honored the work my father had done as an Apothecary until now, that was what I had conveyed to them.

Unsteadily walking over, Bruno appeared at that moment. The group of physicians looked at him with contempt for his inability to remonstrate his son's intrusion but Bruno no longer wanted to stop Falma.
Besides, there was no way for him to stop Falma anyway.
Whatever Falma did with his hands from now on, Bruno would engrave it into his memory.

"Before I explain the efficacy of the new medicine, I want to show something to your Majesty. Will you cooperate for a moment?"
Falma held out a palm-sized metal tool respectfully before the Empress.
"What… is this?"
The Empress picked it up while ruminating. It was a small metal instrument.
Falma once again took a sample of the Empress' phlegm and stained it on the glass plate, he then set it on the metal plate of the instrument.
"Please observe the bodily fluids that I took from your Majesty with the instrument. Then, please look at the hole from a bright place… Like this."
He opened the needle sized hole on the instrument and urged the Empress to

bring her eyes close to it and peep through. Falma asked the chamberlain to open the window for ventilation and bring a lamp. The lamp was then placed below the instrument to guarantee some light.
The Empress was skeptical as she peeped.

"What is that? Are you mocking her Majesty!?"
The Chief Court Physician, Claude, shook his voice in anger.
"Wait, don't be so noisy."
The Chief Court Physician kept his mouth shut. The Empress' attention was already absorbed on the small instrument…

And then.

"I see something visible."

Falma could magnify his view with the **[Diagnosis Eye]**, but it lacked details on the object.
Science could prove the existence of tuberculosis bacteria.
He had invited the Empress to the micro-world which no one from this world had seen yet.

What Falma had presented was a simple microscope with the simplest structure that had a pinhole, a glass ball, and piece of metal. The single lens microscope was the invention of Leeuwenhoek, it had sufficient performance even if it doesn't have a good lens. An electrical system was not necessary at all, there are no lens tube as it was just a lens on a metal plate with a specimen holder, it was simple and very small at 5 cm.

Don't underestimate the power of antiques. During Falma's previous life, he was able to identify disease causing germs in countries without electricity, the microscope had about 200x resolution. You couldn't say that the magnification was sufficient, but it had minimum performance.
The image that the simple mechanism showed unveiled the clear truth.

"Your majesty, do you know that rod like thing that keeps wriggling?"
Falma drew its shape in the air with his finger.
It was the mycobacterium tuberculosis.
Mycobacterium tuberculosis.
Preventive measures are taken in Japan by vaccinating infants with BCG vaccine.

“That creature is the cause of the White Fatal Disease (tuberculosis). This organism is destroying your body, your Majesty.”
It was at that moment that all the people in the room knew that organisms called bacteria existed in this world.

“Everyone, please look at the instrument after her Majesty is done.”
The court physicians were fighting to look into the microscope. Until that time, the court physician thought that the smallest thing was what could only be seen by bringing it close to the eye. To their suprise, there was a world which couldn’t be seen by the naked eye. It was a fact that they couldn’t easily accept.
“Wha-what are these! Insects!?”
Claude twitched his face when he saw something repulsive wriggling.

“If necessary, I will create a blueprint and will also teach you how to build it.”
Falma didn’t have the intention to monopolize the microscope. With it, they would have a deeper understanding about the microorganism if they apply medical science.
“It should be noted that this is not a divine skill.”

Bruno’s hands were trembling when he peeped into it.
“What in the…”
He was lost for words. Humans were now allowed to peek at the world that only gods could see, that was the impression Bruno had. His whole body was overwhelmed by an unknown excitement.
Falma started to speak when everybody was observing the tuberculosis bacteria. He then prepared another slide glass with the tuberculosis bacteria sample, that was stained, that he set aside earlier.

The atmosphere had changed completely.

“I will now explain the treatment plan from here on out.”
Falma quickly took out the syrup and showed it to the Empress.

“As you have surmised, that organism is living inside the body of her majesty, the treatment is to completely kill it.”
In the presence of the Empress, the line of renowned court physicians froth at their mouth from too much shock. Bruno dropped down to his knees.
“This potion contains four types of special medicine. Each part of the medicine

will prevent the organism from propagating and some parts of the drug will kill that organism. If it's only one type, some of the organisms may be resistant to the medicine. Therefore. I used multiple medicines."
When Falma immersed the organism into the medicine, they saw it perish. Falma explained it while inserting a joke that they might be able to hear its death throes.

"These 4 types of special medicine will intensively kill the disease in 2 months."
"And I will provide additional treatments afterwards by reducing the prescription to 2 types."
"Since your Majesty's case is severe, it may require additional dosage."

"You have just overturned a concept of conventional medicine from its roots with that explanation."
The Empress was also very surprised.
The court physicians didn't say anything, but they also were just as surprised as the Empress.
They had gained knowledge beyond the conventional wisdom that they had.

"Will taking such strong medicine harm the body?"
"There's little effect on the body but there is concern for side effects. Mainly it would be a liver dysfunction. I will closely monitor the treatment for it. I will divide the compounded potion, I will first drink half of it, and you will drink the other half. Can I have your majesty's decision after you see it?"
Falma had to do this to dispel any doubt of assassination or the medicine being fake.

"Will you agree to it?"
"Yes, by all means, let me drink it."
The Empress showed a cheerful face towards Falma. Her mind was fully set at ease as all of her fears and anxieties were eliminated, even though she was still seriously ill. The imperial prince also stopped crying.

"The symptoms will improve soon. But it will take at least 6 months for full recovery."
In 6 months, without the treatment, she wouldn't not be able to survive that long. In a situation where there was no cure… his father had nothing to say. Thus,they had no other recourse.

“So that means, it takes time, I understand.”
She had observed the tuberculosis bacteria, as the empress realized that her whole body was infected by it, her understanding and curiosity had deepened. Carefully over time, it wouldl kill the bacteria slowly, that is to say it would not instantly kill all of it, but there wouldn’t be any bacteria remaining. She was able to understand the explanation of Falma.

“Your majesty, you will to drink this everyday in my presence.”
It was effective to administer the medicine right in the presence of the attending physician, so that there wouldn’t be a situation where she forgot to take the medicine.
Falma had to patiently continue to treat the tuberculosis of the patient.
Just because her symptoms improved, it didn’t mean that she could stop taking the medicine.

Falma poured the potion from the flask into the 3 test tubes evenly.
Then, Falma gulped down the first one to show it was not poison.
“If you will, your Majesty.”
“Yes.”
When the empress drank it until the last drop, her haggard face smiled.

“That was delicious.”

The empress then gently fell asleep, Falma wrote down a medical record in Japanese for the new patient in his book.
“Dear father, let’s return back to the mansion. I’m hungry now and I want to eat something sweet today.”
His father felt anxious as Falma had said it in a childish way.
“Also, this medicine is for you, dear father. That is… if you feel like receiving it.”
Falma handed over the the last test tube of medicine to his father.
His father, who was infected by tuberculosis, received it after hesitating for a long time.

“From now on, White Fatal Disease can be cured.”
It was no longer an incurable disease. They would now live together with this new method of medicine.
The father grasped the hand of the son, who spoke with reliable words, with both of his hands.

“Thank you, my son.”

Lotte, Ellen and the servants were waiting at the gate of the de Médicis family residence for many hours after the sun went down. The dinner that was already prepared had cooled down, but no one had touched it.
The father and son hadn’t come back yet from the Empress’ palace.
Nobody knew the condition of the empress aside from the Royal Court Apothecary, everyone could only guess at that time if an accident happened along the way.

Ellen had considered one possibility.
If they both failed in the treatment, they might have taken responsibility and killed themselves. In the occasion that the empress died, the Chief Royal Court Apothecary which acted as the lead physician and the Chief Court Physician would kill themselves together to take responsibility. Bruno was a proud Royal Court Apothecary so his sense of responsibility was very strong. It was a possible scenario.

“Milord… Master Falma.”
Ellen removed her glasses,while in tears as she assumed the worse case scenario.Lotte was grasping the vial of medicine that was given by Falma and made into an amulet.
Just how much longer are they going to wait? Every minute felt like an eternity.

Everyone was waiting for their return. Lotte suddenly raised her face as she happened to hear the faint sound of a trumpet echoing over the mountain. After that, they started to clearly hear the sounds of horses hooves. As the rhythm became louder, the knight’s horses could now be seen from the mansion. Lotte suppressed a lot of her emotions, as she felt her tears flow out.

“Milord, master Falma–!”
Lotte ran up to them at full speed.
“Thank goodness… really. Jeez, don’t make us worry anymore…”
Ellen held on to her glasses firmly as she followed behind Lotte.

“We’re home.”
Falma caught Lotte as she jumped to him as soon as he got off from his horse.

“Welcome back.”

Thus, the upheaval of today’s events had come to a close.

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The Royal Business License from Her Royal Majesty

The careful treatment of Empress Elizabeth was moving favorably.
Falma attended Ellen's lecture in the morning, then he would go to the palace together with his father after lunch to make sure the empress was taking the potion. It had become a habit.
It hadn't been long but they had seen signs of improvement in the empress' condition. Falma had been wary of any side effects like liver damage. Falma was monitoring diligently by taking test data since he couldn't digitize a simple biochemical test. With the empress' weak constitution, her usage of Divine Arts was affected, but no side-effects were seen. She was also progressing well as the blood in her phlegm had subsided. By the third month, the results of the tuberculosis in her body were almost non-existent.
Falma advised all the courtiers who worked in the Royal Court to take the medicine as a preventive measure.
This was because several court physicians, chamberlains, and the prince himself were infected, thus Falma made a schedule to start treating them. As for all of them, probably since they were nobles rather than commoners, no severe side effects were observed.
Of course, he didn't neglect his father who was his closest patient.

Apprentice apothecary Falma's clinical record amassed an enormous amount of records.
It reached the point where Falma had to add new records using this world's language instead of Japanese, so his father could read it. Every night after

dinner, his father would shut himself in his room and would stay up late to read the clinical records that Falma acquired. Each morning after, his father would ask many questions about many details that Falma started wondering what his father was doing at that place.
Also his father grasped each of the courtier's living condition and medical history.This became Falma's secondary source of information as they came to realize each other through information sharing.
Falma was a busy 10 year old kid that was living his life to the fullest.
Though he didn't force himself to overwork, as Falma was trying to be healthy above all else.
It was the lesson he learned from his previous life. This was to work at your best moderately while not stressing yourself out.

Falma's presence and his knowledge of pharmacology gained him favor from the Empress and started to be accepted by the Royal Court. The court physicians lamented on the limits of their existing medical treatments as Falma, the up and coming Royal Court Apothecary, taught them how to make simple microscopes to observe and confront disease causing germs and pathogens. They eagerly wanted to learn the unknown knowledge they thought Falma was monopolizing for himself.
The information about the invention of the microscope was immediately known to all medical universities in the empire.

One day, a certificate of commendation and commemorative plaque has been sent and addressed to Falma from the far off Nova Root Medical University.
The Chief Court Physician, Claude, thought it was because of what he did that lead to this turn of events. It was because Claude bought the microscope Falma personally made for a huge sum of money. He then sent a personal letter, detailing Falma as the inventor, along with the real microscope to the medical university.
The medical science of San Fleuve empire was seen as below a level compared to the world leading Nova Root Medical University. It seemed that the royal court physicians were restoring their honor with this new invention, but Bruno already knew the situation behind it.
Falma was impressed or was rather amazed at this world's great white tower.

A delegation from the vice president of Nova Root Medical University had rushed to the San Fleuve Imperial School of Pharmacology.
They requested from Bruno, who was the president, to disclose the recipe of the special medicine that Falma, who was said to be an excellent Royal Court Apothecary, had made and used to cure the Empress.
Claude had omitted in the report that Falma was only a 10-year old apprentice apothecary.
Also based on Bruno's intuition, he did not let Falma meet with the delegation. It was obvious that Falma would be used as a tool in the political power struggle in the university.

So the delegation from the vice president gave up and went back without meeting the rumored Royal Court Apothecary. Ellen talked to Falma, who was looking at a group of carriage from afar.
"It seems that everyone wanted master Falma's medicine. It's the special medicine for the Fatal White Disease, right?"
To Ellen, it was a miraculous medicine that was able to cure an incurable disease.
"I can only produce four medicines for the Fatal White Disease for now."
"It is as I suspected. It is still hard for you to use that divine skill."
Ellen realized that it was probably the God of Medicine that dwelled within Falma that made it possible to use that divine skill.
That's why Falma hadn't yet shown his compounding and synthesis process to anyone.
Ellen wanted to ask him to teach her, but it might not be possible to do so.
Thus, Ellen thought it couldn't be helped.
If there were lives to be saved by Falma's divine skill, he had to continue on, as he was the only one who could do it. . . That's what Ellen believed.

Then Falma said,
"Someday, I think I will be able to tell everyone how to synthesize it."
Launching a full scale research facility would mean it would be possible to synthesize organic compounds and support Falma.

"Isn't it too valuable to spread the knowledge?"
There are many apothecaries that keep their new medicine recipes away from prying eyes. They then sell licenses for it for large amounts of money.

“It is the wisdom of our ancestors.”
Falma answered her naturally in a cool expression. He was a pharmacologist, although he had become famous in his previous life for making so many new medicines, he always insisted that he would not be claiming the rights for the invention as it went against his beliefs.
It should be wisdom that was to be gathered over the long history of mankind.

Ellen thought it wasn’t a coincidence that the Medicine God dwelled within this unselfish boy.

While showing up in the Royal Court with his father everyday, Falma was entertained by Louis (6 years old), the Imperial Prince. Everyday, the prince would be following Falma around and admiring the person who became the savior of his mother’s life. Moreover, Falma was made to play billiards with the prince. It was only appropriate for Falma to let Louis win and be delighted about it.
“It’s your win, your Highness. You’re really skillful, your Highness.”
Louis was put in a good mood with the praise.
“Yes, we’ll have another game again tomorrow, Falma. So, I will take my leave for today.”
Falma sent off the prince to his equestrian practice. Falma was waving his hands happily.

“That’s not good Falma, why don’t you ask them to take my job instead?”
In the same way with Louis, Falma became friends with the 14 year old Noah who was the empress’ page. His work included guiding and transporting the prince, he was also the prince’s playmate. Since the prince was always following Falma after his work as an apothecary, there was an increased opportunity for Noah to talk to him.
“Your job, huh.”
“His Highness had been saying that he was tired of me being his playmate, and you would enjoy a nice break too.”
Noah said so shamelessly.
(I guess so, playing billiards was fun too!)
When Falma went out to the playground,

“Oh! Oh! I have good news. This is just between you and me, her Majesty is

considering giving you a reward even though it's too good, even for you. She promised some kind of a position as her Majesty's personal Royal Court Apothecary. Damn, I'm jealous. I also want to succeed in life like you do."
Noah was a young noble from a famous marquis, serving the Empress since his childhood by the order of his father. He told me he was personally taking care the Empress and the prince. This boy maintained a behavior of full loyalty in the front of the Empress and although he was doing a very nice job at it, he was a potty mouth and stubborn when the Empress was not around.

"It comes with some territory, huh? I-I'm just the second son, it's fine as long it has something to do with pharmacology."
Even though it was called a territory, Falma didn't really get excited about it. His face was so stupidly blank that it made his sharp expression during the time he was working as an apothecary seem like a lie.
"Idiot! Is there a noble that isn't interested in getting a territory!? It's usually the second son who is more greedy than anybody else. I wonder why you aren't interested at all?"
Noah was a noble, all he ever thought about was getting a territory of his own. Falma on the other hand, was straightforwardly thinking about pharmacology. He however would be very interested if it was about researching new medicines. There was nothing really particular to pay him back.
"This idiot, giving up on something he was receiving."
Still Noah was insistently asking if Falma had anything he desired or if he had any goals in the future.
"Don't you ever tell anyone what I am about to tell you. This is just between you and me."
Noah stepped in closer to Falma as he was gesturing to keep quiet. Noah was behaving like a good boy.

"I want to open a pharmacy. For the commoners."
"For the commoners? In spite you being a Royal Court Apothecary, you're a crazy idiotic person. A noble doesn't deal with that kind of despicable business. That's a job for the commoners."
Putting idiot every time he spoke seemed like Noah's favorite phrase. Him having a sharp nasty tongue was probably a result of his life as a page to the Empress and the prince, which didn't lead to a career or chance for advancement.

Since he was a noble, he frowned when the topic of running a pharmacy was brought up. He advised Falma to become a teacher at the university and a scholar like his father.
“Even so, Isn’t just a waste of time for you heal the commoners?”
“Why?”
“You’re such an idiot, commoners always get sick. Since they weren’t blessed by the divine power so their bodies are weak. It would be endless even if you were to use expensive medicine.”
Falma refuted this in his mind as he knew this was more of a consequence of bad living conditions and poor hygiene.
“I will be making safe medicine with lower prices.”
“Hahaha, STUPID, IDIOT! How are you going to stock up on expensive raw materials? You’re going to go bankrupt even if you’re the son of a very rich Archduke, even your father’s financial power isn’t infinite.”
Even though Falma had the skills and knowledge about pharmacology, it turned out he was still ignorant to the ways of this world, so Noah just scoffed at him.
Falma was pretending to be thinking really hard and then responded.
“Oh well, I might perhaps need a little bit of territory to cultivate medicinal herbs.”
With Falma’s substance creation ability, he wouldn’t have to worry about things such as the price of raw materials, but there was a limit on creating complex compounds. Therefore he was considering developing medicines using medicinal plants and natural remedies.
“By the way, what kind of territory are you going to get? Seaside? Mountainside? Or a plain, which is good.”
“It would be seaside.”
Falma answered without thinking anything in particular.
“That’s good! I have certainly heard it now!”
Noah’s eye was shining sharply.

After continuing the treatment for six months, the Empress had almost completely recoverd. Falma and his father were officially invited to the palace as honored guests rather than apothecaries.
There was a notice beforehand that stated for them to be fully dressed. Falma, along with his father, went towards the palace using a splendid carriage that the

Empress had sent. This time Falma didn't forget and brought his wand. It was something like a get well party, at least that was what Falma's father told him.
When they arrived at the palace, the aura of the palace seemed to be different from usual. The palace was decorated with colorful rare flowers, and they were welcomed by the chamberlains in full force in the hallway. Passing through the throne hall, on the 4th floor of the widely spaced domed atrium, a golden throne was placed on the marble staircase.
Numerous nobles of the empire and courtiers sat around the hall.
Falma sat down beside his father and straightened himself up as they waited for an audience with the Empress.

"Her Majesty, the Empress, has entered the hall."
The courtiers and the lords stood up while a solemn anthem played. The Empress, who was wearing a long crimson robe, entered the hall followed by her entourage.

The Empress of San Fleuve Empire, Elizabeth II.

(Wow. . . so beautiful. . .!)
Falma was amazed. He almost didn't recognized her.
Receiving the imperial crown, she sat on the throne with the Emperor's Wand and glanced over the courtiers. She wasn't the patient obediently followed Falma's words, but regained the presence of a sovereign ruler. She was overflowing with dignity as the Empress. Rosy cheeks and eyes with lustrous silver hair. She was showing off a radiant beauty.

She greeted all her vassals informing them that she had recovered, and the nobles stated their congratulations.
Finally, the Empress received an imperial script from the head chamberlain and read it out loud.

"Archduke and Chief Royal Court Apothecary, Bruno de Médicis."
"Yes, Your Majesty."
Bruno stood up, went up to the platform with graceful and precise manner, and bowed in front of the Empress.
Only after his father was called, had Falma noticed that the ceremony for the conferral of honors had begun.

“Thou, for working vigorously towards my medical treatment, as a reward, I entrust upon thee to govern the territory of Marseille. In particular, it will be used to grow and harvest the medicinal plants for the young nobleman.”
The Empress pointed the tip of the Emperor’s Wand towards Bruno, and with him grasping the tip of it, signaled that the dominion of the territory was granted. It was a ceremony on conferring a fief. It was said that the territory of Marseille was a port city with prosperous trade. Rich farmland spread out along the gentle slope of the coast, it was a major producer of medicinal plants.

“I, as someone who is a vassal to the monarch, will faithfully serve in the name of God, I devote to thee, my loyalty.”
In reality, even though it was under his father’s name, it was good to say that the fief was given specifically to Falma. Of course Falma was watching his father’s delight like it was his own.
“Royal Court Apothecary Apprentice, Falma de Médicis.”
(Huh?)
Falma was so surprised he became speechless.
The courtiers became noisy and was making a stir. Not only was the father had been given a fief, it seemed that the son had a reward too, and so, the look of envy suddenly directed to him. Though, no one who disagreed with his achievements.

“Thy conspicuous service was remarkable, thou have shown me outstanding knowledge and magnificent medical skills. It was precisely thanks to thee that I still have my life now.”
Although Falma stood up and appeared before the Empress, he was standing upright and frozen. Warned by a courtier, Falma bowed his head while confused.
“I have permitted for thou to be promoted from apprentice to Royal Court Apothecary. In addition, I will permit thou to specifically open a pharmacy in the imperial capital.”
“Huh?”
Falma became frozen now. He thought that the end of the apprenticeship was decided by his father and Ellen but…

“Why art thou surprised? The permission for thy graduation came from thy teacher.”

The Empress cast a radiant smile. Falma's father had concluded Falma's apprenticeship period for Royal Court Apothecary, and Falma wouldnow report directly to the Empress. He was now permitted to be a full fledged apothecary. That's what it meant.

Falma suddenly made eye contact with Noah who was respectfully attending beside the Empress. Noah seemed to be grinning and chuckling in amusement. Noah silently moved his mouth with the word, idiot.
(I told him to keep this between us! But… I should be thankful.)
Falma was convinced that the reason why Noah was persistently asking him was because the Empress suggested to research the reward that would be given to him.

To open the first imperial sanctioned pharmacy.
It was a reward the Falma had hoped for, nothing more and nothing less.

If Noah didn't leaked it to the Empress, he thought he wouldn't have been granted it.

Besides,
(Ah, perhaps, is he also to blame for why father now has the Marseille territory?)
Falma intuitively came to a conclusion. This probably wasn't a coincidence that this occurred after he had been casually answering Noah's question saying that he was okay with a seaside territory.

The Empress held out the Emperor's Wand towards Falma, who was surprised.
(What do I say at a time like this?)
Falma's head seems like it was about to burst from thinking too much. It's probably because he was too confused that he did a salute like in some historical play.
"I-I-, I am very thankful and grateful. Your majesty."
Like with his father, Falma grasp the tip of the Emperor's Wand. That was the ceremonial grant.
The Emperor's Wand was emitting a tinge of red light. Though as soon as Falma touched the wand, the jewel that was attached on the Emperor's Wand immediately gave off a white radiance.

(Ah, Damn I got careless! I should have not touched it!)

The Emperor's Wand seems also to have a function as a divine power meter.

"Hmm?"

Although the Empress' expression froze for a moment, Falma immediately released the wand and quickly went back and sat beside Bruno.

The Emperor's Wand was shining for only a second, so Falma was convinced that it wasn't seen clearly. Even after the party for conferral of honors, the Empress called Falma nearby but she was acting normal like nothing happened. He did not know if the Empress read the atmosphere, or if she just overlooked it, or if she hadn't seen anything.

Many nobles had gathered around Elizabeth, he peeked the Empress well being. The ornate design of the Royal Court had unfold.

"At this rate, the royal family still has much to do to achieve peace."

Bruno, who only drank water, was drinking a high class wine today which was very rare, and ate with relish, the cuisine prepared for the Royal Court. It looked like a huge burden was relieved from him.

"Dear father, your last job seem to have finally come to an end."

When Falma thanked his father for the work he done, his father check the new golden badge of the Royal Court Apothecary which Falma was wearing on his collar. It was what the Empress gave Falma.

"It looks great on you."

"Is it really ok?"

Falma wondered if it was ok for his father, who was his mentor, to permit him to be a true apothecary. That's what he thought, but such concerns were unfounded.

"There's no more I could teach you in pharmacology. This is better."

Now that Falma was a full fledged apothecary, his father was looking forward to it. His father picked up a new glass of wine and said.

"Cheers."

Falma, who had a glass that contains juice for children, gave a toast to his father.

"To Her Majesty."

"And the birth of a new apothecary."

With the Empress' recovery, the political situation in San Fleuve would stabilize. Falma together with his father felt relieved.

But on that same day, Falma received a personal letter addressed to him.
“Who is it? A high class sealed letter…”

Thou who had a huge amount of divine power, someone unparalleled since the dawn of history. Onc

Empress of San Fleuve Empire, Elizabeth II

It was maybe because her health had completely recovered, the muscle-brained Empress felt motivated.
“I give up…”

The throne is safe.
This is true, but I have to apologize.
I am only interested in pharmacology, and you’ve also given me a permit to open a pharmacy, so please

That was the gist of his reply, Falma indirectly responded to her by writing a letter with the highest degree of honorific language.

Editor’s Note: You know, I didn’t like Noah, thought he was a little prick, but then he turned out to be a pretty cool guy.

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The Declaration of War from the Apothecary Guild

“I know I’ve talked about opening up a pharmacy some day… But why today?”

From an apprentice apothecary to the official Royal Court Apothecary, Falma de Médicis (10 Years Old), who had been appointed by an imperial sanction by the Empress directly, was dumbfounded in the mansion of his family.
A throng of craftsmen had intruded within the de Médicis family estate. Yesterday, an envoy had came to relay the Empress’ intention. The Empire would shoulder the cost of establishing the pharmacy.
Then today, it had come to this.

Her Majesty was too impatient.

Those were Falma's inner thoughts.

For Falma, who was given an Imperial Charter for the pharmacy, was now given the responsibility of building a pharmacy from the empire. The Empress' command was a big deal. From the workshops that had Her Majesty's Royal Warrant of Appointment, competent stonemasons, quarrymen, blacksmiths, lumber merchants, glass blowers, roofers, and virtually all craftsmen who were experts in their profession had journeyed and gathered with their apprentices. They told Falma they were first-class craftsmen who had participated in the building of the palace.

"Since I'm not mentally prepared, nor have the first drafts been made, would you leave for now?"

Falma, for once, tried to turn away the master craftsman who had their foot at the door of the mansion. Both of them were pulling and pushing at the door,

"As I have told you Young Master, an imperial order had been issued, really."

They won't return as is, the planned construction site had also been decided, the craftsmen would be fired if they didn't start working today; Is what he was told.

Heads will roll certainly.

That was the line of thought of the muscle-brained Empress.

"Come on now~ The job will be quick."

Ellen arrived at the place that was in disorder. She was summoned by the carrier pigeon that was sent by Bruno. She was ordered to help the establishment of Falma's pharmacy. The empress strictly ordered Bruno to have Falma operate the pharmacy as soon as possible, so Bruno requested Ellen for help as Falma's support. On that subject, Bruno went to visit another noble today.

"Wait a minute-"

"Huh?"

"I'm happy for your big promotion Master Falma, but what on earth did you do to get Her Majesty to do this, because that one is hasty. Like one time…… I-, I got caught insulting the monarch."

Falma wanted to inquire more regarding that episode, since it seemed to be interesting, but he let it go.

“There’s a deep reasoning behind it, and it’s a long story.”

Regarding the establishment of the pharmacy, he retold the story about the chat with Noah, that was disclosed to the Empress. How Noah was quietly running errands to earn points from Her Majesty.

“That was quite a long story. So, what kind of pharmacy would it be? Do you have some rough image of what it would look like?”

Ellen leaned towards him as she asked.

“Do I have to decide right now? I’m not yet mentally prepared for that. I would like to look around at the other pharmacies first.”

It was because that space would be his workplace, he was carefully deliberating on his decision for the design. Falma thought it was not something to be decided by urging him to do it quickly.

“Stop it. The craftsmen’s heads will roll if you don’t do it now, socially that is.”

“Seems like Her Majesty is really that scary. It’s a matter of customer convenience, I want to consider this carefully…”

“You should just rebuild it if you don’t like it, as Her Majesty had said.”

“Her Majesty is overusing her sovereign authority too much.”

Falma was handed over to a craftsman, while groaning as he saw only a sketch of the construction site on a blank blueprint, as Lotte emerged with a tea and cake for Ellen and Falma.

“But, I was surprised. This is a big promotion Master Falma! And with that, the craftsmen are here right now, your pharmacy will really be built!”

Lotte was pleased with the success of Falma.

“Young Master, haven’t you decided yet on a draft plan? I humbly beg of you.”

“I’m sorry.”

The craftsmen from the guild who were waiting are getting restless. Falma had no other choice but to move his hand.

“Enough already, I’m just going to wing it.”

He was desperate already.

Since his father and Her Majesty said that he could design the pharmacy however he pleased him, Falma had prepared for the worst, and started to draw a plan. As long as there was an outline, the construction work would proceed smoothly and the foreman’s skill would let him see the confidence in their work.

As for the location of the pharmacy, it would be built on the prime corner lot in The Imperial Capital's main avenue that the Empress had gained control of. The location was selected away from the shopping district of the Apothecary Guild. It was probably the forethought of the Empress, so in order for the business rival not be in close quarters.

"I got it! Fine details will be placed later on because the building will still be under construction."

"Wow, what does it look like… Eh!? Wha—"

At most, the craftsmen from the guild had been expecting him to draw at the level of a child, but once afternoon came, and Falma gave them the blueprints. They were left dumbfounded, because the drawing had many precise dimensions written on it.

"With this much detail, the job will be easy to do."

After Falma and Ellen heard the opinions of the master craftsmen, they filled the blueprints using the interior design of the other pharmacies as reference.

That very same day when the blueprint was completed, the construction was pushed forward with amazing performance and speed. Construction budget influenced the construction time. As The Empire was the one ordering the work done, gold wasn't an issue, and a large number of people were able to build it using the highest grade of materials.

A few days had passed since the start of the construction, the frame of the new shop had emerged from a plot of land in The Imperial Capital.

"Young Master. What do you want for the name of the store?"

A stonemason asked Falma for the name of the pharmacy. As he was looking around the neighboring shops, the name of the store was engraved largely on the wall.

"Will Imperial Pharmacy do?"

"Isn't it kind of pretentious?"

The gold emblem of an Imperial Charter was already hoisted up on the wall. There are several shops in the Imperial Capital that had Royal Warrant of Appointment, but an Imperial Chartered shop (Compagnie à Charte) was on another level and are rarely issued.

If the pharmacy gained an approval from the empire even before it was

established, it would have even more prestige and social standing.

"Please decide immediately or else the construction time will fall behind."

"You mean now?"

"Now. Immediately. As soon as possible."

The craftsman was short tempered. If Falma wanted to name it without pizzazz, it would be *de Médicis Pharmacy*, but because it was a challenging job, it would be unwise to publicly use his family name, so he was troubled.

"How about if I call it Different World Pharmacy."

After thinking a lot and being indecisive, Falma finally got a good idea and he murmured that line. After several hours later of concentrating on the splendid ornament, the gold plated signboard engraving was completed.

The name of the shop would probably read [Diversis Mundi Pharmacy] when converted to the roman alphabet from his previous life.

Literally translated to [Different World Pharmacy]. Falma viewed it in amazement as he wondered what to do about it,

"Sacred Pharmacy? Is that really its name? Isn't that a little exaggerated?" When Ellen arrived at the site, she was surprised on the words on the signboard which was just completed. Falma was surprised by that.

"Sacred? How did it became like that!?"

Falma blinked his eyes in surprised. It was because the term "Different World" was not a common word in this world, it seemed it was paraphrased as "Sacred"

"Because this was an Imperial Charter by Her Majesty, you will be fully protected as that was the command, it will be a sanctuary from the people on the same business, heck, it may be a sanctuary already when the Medicine God is here."

Damn, I dun goofed!

With that kind of name attached to it, it will certainly attract a bad crowd!

And so, Falma regretted his blunder, the stonemason and the engraver had already finished their work so he went to eat lunch, and went back home.

"I don't want to find myself in discord with those on the same business as me. They might not let me borrow some medicinal herbs if I run out."

He was troubled with someone harassing his business or damage caused by

rumors. Besides, he couldn't help but feel that the naming of the store, which was practically shoving it in people's faces by this world's standards, was like trying to pick a fight at the front of some "Temple", because it was called [Sacred] anyway.

"It doesn't matter now."

Ellen was looking indifferently.

"Eh?"

"You know it's impossible to change the name. I think this would be an all out confrontation with the Apothecary Guild because it is a shop operated by a noble."

It was because the types of medicine being handled are different, it was highly unlikely there would be compromise. That was Ellen's analysis.

"Even though you have Her Majesty's protection, you will still have strong opposition."

That was because there are ways to interfere directly or indirectly.
Ellen's remark was like a prediction.

The first Imperial Chartered pharmacy and the youngest Royal Court Apothecary of the empire.

The citizens and representatives of each commerce guild had come to check it out, incessantly throughout the day. Also, because there were expensive things that could be stolen on the construction site, Falma had hired some knights as night guards.

Before long, the leaders from the apothecary guild from the empire went and began to openly scout in front of the shop. When Falma was present at the location, the apothecaries would suddenly approach baring with hostility.

"Well, well, where is the store owner?"

The middle aged man that had a good physique, was believed to be a guild leader, he took off his hat and greeted Falma while examining the store. He was doing it in a polite but also rude manner.

"I am the store owner."

Falma responded while not being particularly offended, because he was only seen as a child, there was no reason to be offended.

"Pardon for the intrusion! Oh my, you're too young. I am Veron, a leader of

the Imperial Apothecary Guild."

"Nice to meet you Mr. Veron. I'm Falma de Médicis, Royal Court Apothecary, I operate this shop, thank you very much for coming."

"I heard that you established a pharmacy so I came along, and it even has the Imperial Charter seal. I see, Her Majesty did something whimsical, no, that's rude."

Veron was full of disdain as he only saw Falma as a child.

Since Veron thought that because Falma was only child, he wouldn' t be able to take notice or understand sarcasm.
However, Falma didn't feel offended at all.

"Still, the name of this pharmacy is very much elegant, what kind of medicines do you sell? Are you selling something for someone as old as you, like candies (Bonbon)?"

They weren't aware of Falma's reputation within the Royal Court. The guild leader Veron was teasing him by pretending to lick a candy with his tongue, and his posse of apothecaries went along with him and chuckled.

However, Falma had high resistance to useless instigation.

During Falma's previous life, every time he developed a new medicine, it was not only favorable reaction that he got, he also received objection and skepticism from researchers all over the world, there were terrible remarks in their sarcasm. There was even a fight regarding patents with a rival laboratory. He felt that he needs to deal each one of them, but it wasn't smart if he instigated them.

"I do intend to sell candies."

Falma promptly nod as he announced with a smile.

"It's one form of a medical dosage though."

He intends to sell lozenges. Salts for the sweating artisans, perhaps it was good to sell salty candy for mineral supplementation.

Falma replied briskly and cordially in a child-like manner.

Veron wanted to criticize Falma one more time as Falma doesn't seem to mind his words, but he can't just blatantly slander a Royal Court Apothecary that had an imperial charter. A commoner who was being disrespectful towards a noble will be punished. Although sarcasm was permitted.

“Well, that is some splendid dedication.”

Veron claps his hands exaggeratedly.

“By they way, now that you have established your business, shouldn’t you register as a member of the Apothecary Guild?”

Certainly, if you operate a business you must register with a guild. Falma decided to listen about it just in case. He wanted to proceed with several formalities smoothly.

“It’s unfortunate but, the Apothecary Guild is for the commoner apothecaries only.”

Only when a commoner apothecary had served at the bottom of the pile for a long time, would the Apothecary Guild recognize them and finally let them become independent. It was said they need to serve at least 10 years from starting their practice.

“You can join us if you really want, I’ll accept you. It’s going to be a tough for a long time trying to operate independently, you know?”

Veron was provoking him with a serious face.

“No, that’s too much trouble. I’ve already mastered the minimum skills as an apothecary. I will be selling new medicines that I’ve personally developed, so it’s totally different from the shops under the Apothecary Guild.”

Since Falma was a noble, it was expected that he wouldn’t be joining a guild for the commoners.

“By the way, as for your Royal Court Apothecary made medicine, isn’t it expensive? To the commoners, they simply cannot get their hands on it.”

Medicines made by a Royal Court Apothecary used high quality raw materials. Top brass of the guild knew the market value of these medicines, so they know they shouldn’t let the business run slow, but having it expressed in this kind frank way of sarcastically pitying someone was just disdainful. So, Falma replied apathetically.

“I believe I can offer medicine, cheaply.”

“Cheap? Oh my, nobles indeed don’t take into consideration the commoner’s pocket! For you it’s cheap, but how much is it, really?”

“What the heck are you saying? You aren’t going to say you’re going to crush this pharmacy right?”

Ellen appeared in the shop while crossing her arms, she scowled at them without flinching as a way to backup Falma. Ellen's name as the best student of Bruno was known in The Imperial Capital. All of them acknowledged her superiority.

"No, not at all, we are just fellow businessmen in the same field, let's work together. Well then, I will leave for now."

Leaving with words for appearances only, Vernon took his staff and left while sneering. It was just like a declaration of war from the Apothecary Guild.

Falma drifted his line sight up into the sky with a serious face. Ellen was worried about Falma, whether he was able to endure those cruel remarks or not.

"Don't mind them, Master Falma."

Then Ellen followed up what she said,

"Short of just selling candies, what do you think about selling wafers with iron content? After that, nutritional supplements too."

"Really… I think I should do just that, then."

With the words "candy" from the provocation of Veron, he seemed to have an idea for his new products.

Ellen greatly admired Falma's resilient mentality and being optimistic while remaining calm.

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Depuis 1145: Establishment of Different World Pharmacy Flagship Store in the Imperial Capital

You don't need to bother yourself with the Apothecary Guild. Those guys, even though they can't prescribe, they're still so proud that they're full-fledged apothecaries. Their harassment seems to be crossing the line.They're getting too disrespectful and will be punished. I'll beat them up with my Divine Art and leave them floating in the river, or even something more dangerous. A noble can easily overwhelm a commoner using Divine Art, there's no need to be timid. That was what Ellen had said as encouragement.

Falma was aware that Ellen was trying to cheer him up and told her he didn't

mind them.

"Other than that, we didn't think of our merchandise. Although I didn't think of what to sell, since this is a pharmacy, I made space anyway."

He didn't really mind the apothecary guild.

His mind was now full of the face masks, bandages, medicinal wafers, band-aids, and energy drinks that he planned to sell.

"That reminds me, Master Falma, where will you be getting your supply of medicinal herbs?"

Ellen placed her hands on her waist with a serious look. Her slender fingers were digging into her waist as she held on tightly.

"Since Lord Bruno is a scholar, he doesn't have enough raw materials to sell. Do you intend to just borrow raw materials forever? You have no other choice but to grow your own materials. Besides, you have to take into account the material supply, cost accounting, production cost, and wages you have to pay the producers."

"Ah, I see."

"Is that so? Aren't you being too careless?"

I have the substance creation skill, so I don't particularly need to depend on medicinal herbs, however…

Falma changed his train of thought; it would certainly be suspicious if it wasn't apparent where he bought or got his supplies of medicinal herbs from. He hadn't told anyone about his substance creation skill, not even to his father or Ellen.

"I think you can borrow some medicinal herbs grown from the territory that was granted to Lord Bruno without much problem. Lord Bruno told me that Her Majesty ordered that you could use it."

Ellen suggested this to Falma.

"Now that you mentioned it, father's fiefdom did increase."

"The territory of Marseille is already a major producer of rare medicinal herbs, so it'll be relatively easy to obtain new medicinal herbs. Since it also has a port, imported raw materials from the Ismalic and Indain areas are easily obtained as well."

Ellen knew her geography really well.

Eh? Islamic and Indian areas?

Falma felt a sense of deja vu from these names that sounded similar to the ones back at Earth.

Speaking of which, he still hadn't seen a map of this world yet.

"That's right. We have to go and greet the people of the Marseille territory soon."

Falma remembered that the name of the place was the same as France's Marseille (a harbor city).

Falma was looking forward to seeing the territory and what kind of people the citizens that produced the medicinal herbs were.

With the cooperation of his father and Ellen, Falma was able to acquire all kinds of tools and equipments necessary to operate the pharmacy.Balance scale, vials, measuring spoons, medicine wrappers, flask, beakers, medicine cabinet, all kinds glassware necessary for research, chemicals, medicinal herbs, cauldron, small pots, writing utensils, etc…

After that, he created the medicines for expected diseases using his substance creation skill and stuffed them in medicine vials.

Masks, bandages, medical supporter, etc… were ordered from the craftsmen to be manufactured. From cough drops to salt candies, as well as multi-vitamin wafers were ordered from the confectionery.

"For the time being, manufacturing these goods are not enough."

"It's because our main business should be compounding medicines. You should be putting up medicines for sale that are made after hearing the requests from the patients."

Falma nodded in agreement; he shouldn't get his priorities backwards.

"I think this is fine too. I don't think we have time to sell all of them. So, It's alright if we take our time selling them slowly."

Lotte had been watching the situation while helping Falma pack, she seemed to feel a sense of loneliness.

"Master Falma is so busy these days, right? Are you going to work on the pharmacy during the day, and come back home at night?"

"I will be back home during the evening."

Falma didn't stop his hands from packing stuff.

"Is that so…?"

They hardly ever met these days… And Lotte understood now, that the time she got to spend with Falma would significantly decrease when the pharmacy opened., She was dejected and disappointed at this thought.

“If I’m not home during the day, Lotte, you can take a break or take it slowly because your workload is decreased.”

Falma was really worried about her.

However Lotte had said that she didn’t like being separated from Falma, even though it would make her busier.

“Because I want to devote myself to compounding medicines and diagnosing illness, I want to employ someone to handle the general and financial affairs of the pharmacy.”

When Falma was discussing this with Ellen, Lotte had raised her hand instantly.

“Me!”

“Lotte?”

“I recommend myself! I’m good at calculation. My handwriting is beautiful too. I can clean properly and thoroughly. So I want Master Falma to employ me!”

“You? But you’re only 9 years old!?”

“And you’re only 10 years old, Master Falma.”

Lotte puffed up her small chest with pride. Even though she was just a servant, she was good at calculation and writing. Despite this, doing the ledger alone was still impossible, so she tried to appease Falma,

“I don’t mind trivial chores, I want to be helpful to Master Falma! I—! I, Charlotte, by all means can—!”

She was speaking with such sparkling eyes, Falma had no chance to refuse her, even though he thought what she would be doing was basically child labor. He asked permission from his father to employ Lotte and he was told he could do anything he liked.

“Well then, I wonder if I can ask you to run errands here and there.”

“You may use me without holding anything back! Please leave it to me!”

Thus, Falma decided to employ both Ellen and Lotte as employees of the pharmacy.

The following morning,

“Oh, Mr. Cedric.”

He was an employee who had a familiar face, he just got his retirement bonus, and with his luggage all packed up, he was ready to leave. All of the servants had gathered and handed him a bouquet of flowers to see him off. The man that handled all the financial affairs for the de Médicis family, his name was Cedric Luneau, and he was a Baron. Falma met him as he was just about to leave the mansion.

“Master Falma. I, Cedric, am retiring today and I’ve been honored to have served your family.”

Bruno said he had let Cedric go because he was having trouble in both of his knees from overworking for a long time. Although being fired was a bit harsh, Bruno let him go under the purpose of letting him recuperate in the countryside. In addition, it was said that Cedric also received a small territory from Bruno.

Cedric already said his farewell to Bruno some time ago and was about to finally leave.

“Master Falma and Lord Bruno too, I am grateful to the both of you.”

Nonetheless, Cedric, who was bowing and holding a walking cane, was too young to retire as he was only in his early 40’s. Falma had started to say his last goodbyes and Cedric was moved to tears.

“Mr. Cedric, what would you do from now on?”

“I will live quietly in the countryside, since I have the retirement bonus and the territory I was granted from Lord Bruno. Although I still desire to work in the mansion despite my knees saying otherwise.”

Cedric miserably said as he patted his knees.

“You still want to work?”

“Very much so.”

“Well, would you like to work together with me?”

“As you can see, my knees are bad, so I won’t be able to walk properly, I will be useless if I can’t move easily.”

Cedric was rubbing his knees. When Falma used his Diagnosis Eye, there was inflammation on the so-called knee joints and liquid was accumulating.

“You should be able to work in the store sitting down, and do clerical work.

It’s your specialty, right? Mr. Cedric, you are able to do financial work and know a lot about the empire’s law. You also know how to make official documents too. Therefore I want to hire you for your expertise. Also, since I think that your knees will improve to some extent with medicine, I will prescribe a medicine for it regularly.”

“For you to be able to do that much… Even Lord Bruno didn’t have a medicine to cure the pain for this knee. Sufficient rest was the only medicine.”

It wasn’t wrong to rest quietly in the bed as a conservative treatment. That’s why Bruno didn’t give Cedric any medicine.

“I agree that rest is certainly a medicine, but I think I can make you more comfortable. I can make a compress for you too, but it all depends upon your wish.”

“If you really want to employ me, then by all means!”

Cedric accepted it willingly as he cried.

“I’m counting on you, Mr. Cedric.”

Thus, Cedric was once again hired to help Falma, and continued to work.

Even so, the timing on which his father dismissed Cedric was just too perfect that Falma suddenly suspected it.

Several days after the inauguration of the pharmacy, Bruno had returned from his business trip and called Falma to his study room. He was busily reading a thick book and was writing something.

“Did the preparations progress well? I heard from Eléonore that everything was going well.”

“Yes, I deem it is generally progressing well.”

“You may use the family herb garden as long as you don’t completely take it all. Did you hear about it?”

“Yes, I heard it from Ms. Eléonore.”

Father clapped his hands to call Simon the butler.

“Bring that thing.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

Simon the butler and three servants brought a big box by the order of his father, Falma braced himself as for what was inside the box. Simon, with a smile, gave the key to Falma.

“Please open it.”

While being confused, Falma placed his hand on top of the box and unlocked it.

What appeared inside the box were imperial gold coins that were dazzling to the eyes, the box was filled to the brim.

From his wealthy father, Falma understood that this was quite a fortune.

“With this, please do your best in managing the business. I know that you’re already receiving financial help from the empire. However, in order to present great work, lots of money is needed.

His father’s expression was so bright, Falma stared at him in shock.”

“Money will not be an issue anymore.”

However, it was certain that Falma was embarrassed.

“Since you hired Cedric, entrust the money to him, he will manage the assets well. It would be dangerous if you entrust it to a bank.”

“This is too much to receive.”

“This is really an important time for you, my dear son. Let me be a father once in awhile.”

“Dear father… this money is the revenue of the family estate.”

Falma didn’t know a lot about the situation of currency in this world, but he wasn’t mistaken.”

“What? This was supposed to be for your tuition and school expenses to enter Nova Root Medical University. But you don’t need to go to that university anymore, since you have the divine oracle of the Medicine God and the badge you got from Her Majesty too, this already makes you a full-fledged apothecary.”

As Falma was about to say something, his father cut him off.

“I would like to look good in times such as this, this is what being a parent is all about.”

Bruno was touching his beard as he was saying so.

“I thank you very much, dear father. I will use this carefully.”

Falma decided to accept the gift. It was later known that the value of the gift was 1/5 of Bruno’s assets when Cedric checked on it. It seemed like Bruno splurged.

And thus the Different World Pharmacy was fully completed.

The store was a 4 storey tall pharmacy that also served as a laboratory which included a break room. As for the layout of the store:

The 1st floor was the main store.

It included a counseling room for the customer that also served as the waiting room and compounding room, It was a functional space.

The interior decor included bright lighting, but because the medicines were sensitive to light, they were stored in opaque bottles and stored in the medicine cabinet. There was however, a space to sell goods such as cosmetics, pharmaceutical products and customized compounded medicines.

The 2nd floor included a lounge and the clinic.

It was the place where all the seriously ill patients, and patients that needed to be isolated were examined, and where medicine was administered. It was also a place to take a rest. This floor was also the place to check on a patient's condition to see if medical follow-ups were necessary. This floor had one examination room and one isolation room, both had 4 beds. There was also a bathroom.

The 3rd floor was the break room for the staff.

It had a bed, sofa, living room and dining room. This place was where the staff took breaks when the pharmacy closed during lunchtime. It also included a kitchen.

And the 4th floor contained the medicine development laboratory. It was a room with a lock where Falma could devote himself to his research. This was the place where he developed medicine. The laboratory wasn't really big, but it had enough space for one person working. He securely locked it at night.

"Eehh? The pharmacy has a waiting area."

Ellen saw in amazement, a long sofa, that was very comfortable to sit in, near the entrance of the shop.

"There would be probably many sick people who needed medicine. That's why it is important that they sit down while waiting. It would be easy for them to come and go."

Of course this concept was not original to this world, it came from Japan.

A water dispenser was placed beside the counter. It would be a free service for the customers.

“The customers can drink clean water for free? But clean water is not free, you know?”

Ellen opened her eyes wide.

“I didn’t spend money on it.”

“Don’t tell me, it was made from Divine Art?”

Falma nodded in agreement as he drank the water. The water was nice and cold, it was refreshing to the throat. Lotte got another serving as it was tasty. Falma sighed through his nose as he had to add more water later, because Lotte was drinking too much.

“Because I can freely generate water, I can offer it to people that are in need of rehydration. Clean drinking water is not easily obtainable in this world, so I think I can use this to attract customers.”

“It’s so simple. Since water made from Divine Art is precious, the commoners don’t usually have a chance to drink it, so there would definitely be a line of commoners who would want this water. How about putting the generated water into the bottle and setting a high price for it?”

“Basically, anyone who use the services or buys medicine in the pharmacy will get to drink the water. Afterall, a sick person definitely needs clean water to drink.”

Ellen’s impression were that some customers would only come to the shop just for water.

The rate of returning customers would certainly rise.

“That’s very logical, no shop had done it until now.”

Not good, it’s definitely not good! That was the impression Ellen had,

“Young master, the clothes and shoes you requested are done.”

The shopkeeper from the tailor shop across the street had entered the shop.

“Oh, it’s done?”

As the shopkeeper was welcomed to the pharmacy and was offered some water, Falma checked the clothes.

“How are the lengths. I made two sets of clothes.”

Falma put his arms through the sleeves on the brand new work clothes. When Lotte saw him, she clapped her hand in amazement.

“This is just right, thank you!”

Falma paid the bill. He procured a lot of items necessary for establishing the

pharmacy from the shops nearby. This was done instead of doing a simple greeting to them. They were able to remember his face thanks to this. There was one shopkeeper who came to the pharmacy once everyday acting as an order taker.

"Master Falma's clothes looks unusual. But it's not flashy, even though it's white and lovely to look at."

Lotte was charmed while repeatedly shouting he was fashionable.

Falma received from the tailor a custom tailored white coat uniform that had long sleeve and straight up collar referred to as Casey type. It was a long white coat for doing experiments. The crest of the shop was on the shoulder, and the badge with a golden crown patter, that symbolized the Royal Court Apothecary, was on the collar. The physicians and apothecaries of this world seemed to wear black coats everyday. Still, Falma's white coats would soon become familiar. When doing experiments in the laboratory on the 4th floor, he would wear a longer white lab coat. When showing up in the shop, he would take off the longer white lab coat that had been stained with chemicals.

Since he had no shadow, his snow white coat that was dazzling to the eyes would serve as camouflage… Somewhat.

"Wearing a white coat does calm me after all—"

Falma was originally a researcher so it was like a work uniform to him. Since, he said this seriously, Lotte and Ellen looked each other and thought why would he say this if this was the first time he wore it.

"What are we going to wear?"

It was not necessary for them to wear a white coat, any light colored clothing would do just as well. Since they made stains more noticeable, Falma ordered sets of clothes for two people.

However, several days later, Ellen was also wearing a similar white coat with a standing collar, that was tailored just for her. It perfectly enhanced her body figure to the fullest. He didn't know if the tailor made a mistake in the measurement or intentionally made it a size smaller.

"Ellen had requested a white coat too?"

Ellen explained the reason with a touch of making excuses before Falma could say something more.

“If everyone’s attire is different, the shop won’t have a sense of unity. So I deemed that this uniform must be absolutely tailored. So, How do I look?”

“And that’s not all, Lady Eléonore even said that Master Falma’s white coat looked really cool.”

Lotte revealed to Falma.

“Grrr, Lottelita! I didn’t say it like that.”

Lotte had a functional bright white dress that was tailored for her which included a frilly apron. Cedric too had a white tunic with an apron. It seemed the Ellen used her own money for the uniform.

“Oh, that’s nice. It suits everyone.”

“Hehehe. I really love this feeling of tightness!”

Thus with all the preparations ready, the opening day was fast approaching.

Falma gave instructions in front of the three staff members on how to start the operation of the pharmacy.

“There are a few things I want you to remember before we open the pharmacy to the public.”

The three people became tense at what was said.

Falma was saying it very seriously.

“First of all, all staff members must take care of their health at all times.”

He reflected back on his past life on how he died from overworking because of too much zeal, this time he would correct his past mistakes by setting a goal. It would be a policy that business hours would only be carried out between 9 AM to 5PM, and their would be two days off per week. There would be winter and summer vacations, and paid leave of absence as well. Of course, Falma personally pledged too that he wouldn’t stay up all night researching and developing new medicines.

“That’s right… We shouldn’t overwork ourselves.”

Ellen smiled as if she was a bit worried. Falma nodded.

“There is a saying in a far off country, ‘The art of medicine is a benevolent act. With this, thou shalt ease the hearts of the people, and assume the role of protector and savior’”.

“I really like poetry. What country was this poem said from?”

Ellen asked for the source. It was a verse in the book called Yojokun that didn't exist in this world. The motto came from the world of his previous life.

"A sick person who comes here will be saved no matter who they are. Assuming we can't cure them, we must at least ease their hearts and suffering. I want to work with that in mind."

"I see. It is an ideal that must be etched into one's mind. Are there any specific objectives for the time being?"

Cedric asked in jest. Then Falma clenched both of his hands tightly.

"I want to raise the average lifespan of the citizens in the Imperial Capital by 10 years, immediately."

Falma stared at each of their faces.

Ellen and Cedric's faces were in disarray and their jaw dropped. Lotte was just staring blankly as she didn't know what average life span meant.

"Wha-, What did you say? Increasing the average lifespan? But there is no way to increase it."

"We should be able to do it."

Falma declared. In all seriousness… And Ellen became speechless. Right now, the average lifespan of the people of this continent was about 50 years old. It was a number that the nobles had put out.

"What you thought up is really amazing… Your ideas are different from us humans."

Ellen was frankly impressed as she believed that Falma was the reincarnation go the Medicine God who descended upon all people to save them, and thought the plan of this god had begun.

"Just like that. Let's all get along, everyone."

Falma held out his hands,

"Yes! Let's do our best and have fun!"

Lotte answered cheerfully and place her hand on top of Falma's.

"In order to repay this large debt of gratitude, this old man Cedric will do his best and be prepared with selfless devotion."

Cedric rolled up his sleeves and extended his hands while sitting down.

"Yup, however don't overwork yourself. We want you to work while keeping your mind and body in check."

“Ahaha, I made a mistake. You are right!”

“There’s nothing you can do about it now.”

Ellen finally placed her hand to move with the flow.

The next day was clear and sunny.

The opening ceremony of the Different World Pharmacy was conducted.

An imperial envoy who was dressed beautifully, read aloud the imperial letter in front of the shop. At that time, citizens and shopkeepers watched as they were huddling in the distance.

A brand new silver latticed gate was opened on the wide main street, and two apothecaries wearing a white coat and two assistants, for a total of 4 people, were standing in line.

“…Therefore, I would like to say that we believe that we can support a very healthy lifestyle for all the common people in the Imperial Capital.

No matter how anyone looked at it, the shopkeeper was an apothecary who was no older than a ten year old child, a Court Apothecary even, introducing himself to all the citizen present, greeting them without looking at any cue card.

“He seems to be the second son of Archduke de Médicis.”

“What is a grand noble doing in a place like this? Did he got the Imperial Charter and build the pharmacy using the influence of his parents?”

“He’s using polite speech… I wasn’t aware a noble could have that kind of attitude towards a commoner.”

“Nobles don’t usually speaks with commoners aside from their servants. Anyway this is such a long speech. Even if the speech was written by his father, it must have been hard to memorize it.”

“I don’t feel that this was memorized.”

The citizens were interested in Falma’s speech, because the boy shopkeeper was emphasizing on the fact that he would focus on the desires of the patient and provide medical care for patients to live better. What they heard was very new to them. The speech was over in about 15 minutes. The citizens were all listening until the end.

“Then starting from today, I have the privilege to start my business.”

Their voices melded together.

The pharmacy staff formed a single line and, they deeply bowed together in

front of the citizens.

And said their first greetings.

“Welcome!!!”

The commoners witnessed a radical scene in which a noble bowed down to the commoners. It became a hot topic in the city for a while.

And thus, in a corner of the Imperial Capital, an out-of-this-world pharmacy was built.

Royal Court Apothecary, Falma de Médicis (10 years old)
First Class Apothecary, Eléonore Bonnefoi (16 years old)
Financial Affairs/Legal Affairs, Cedric Luneau (42 years old)
Secretary/General Affairs, Charlotte Soller (9 years old)

The pharmacy for the masses, was one of the many praises said about the up and coming pharmacy with an Imperial Charter, Different World Pharmacy (DIVERSIS MUNDI PHARMACY).

Depuis (established) 1145 was subsequently the year that this flagship pharmacy in the imperial capital was founded.

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Phlebotomy and Foundation

A month after the pharmacy’s establishment.

The Different World Pharmacy still had no crowd.

However, they had yet to receive any harassment from the Apothecary Guild.

No matter how anyone viewed the shop, it looked like a store that catered only to the aristocracy, was what Ellen said.

Different World Pharmacy had been established for the common people, but despite that, clientele such as wealthy merchants and lower-class nobles were the only ones who sparsely visited the shop. With that said, some high-class aristocrats viewed the apothecary shop as third-rate, deemed it not suitable

owing to their family status, and therefore not able to reasonably meet their demands.

Nevertheless, they often came by to purchase cosmetics and hand cream. Though in case of a serious illness, the aristocrats would still seek the service of a First or Second Class Apothecary to make house calls, and thus had no need to buy medicines.

Besides that, they would also arrive all dressed up to the utmost. They wore the same clothes they would wear when arriving at a ball. There were also some nobles who wore medals. Although the shopkeeper was just a child, he was still the second son of an Archduke. In addition, the Charter Mark in front of the store, made the shop quite overbearing.

The store didn't look like something anyone could visit while wearing just their everyday clothing. Must it be written on the signboard? Was what Falma was wondering about.

Though before that, he was troubled on how to attract commoner customers.

Meanwhile, during their daily lunch break hour. On the third floor of the store, in the staff break room, the staff members were taking a break and eating lunch. By the way, in order to have Cedric, who has a bad knee, be able to get to the break room on the third floor, they installed a manual elevator counterweight (balance weight) the day they decided to hire Cedric, and so, Cedric could now comfortably access the third floor.

While eating lunch, their topic was none other than: How to get commoners to visit the shop. It was the so-called luncheon meeting.

"It's not like customers will suddenly come flooding in."

Ellen handed Lotte a piece of bread while drinking her freshly squeezed juice.

"Well, since we have the time, it's fine if the patients start coming in little by little. People who are in real need of treatment, or those who need medicine."

Despite Falma's high expectations, no such patients came to visit.

"Because I thought something like this might happen, I did some thinking!"

It seemed like Lotte had been giving out questionnaires regarding Different World Pharmacy over the last couple of days. Since Lotte was the only

commoner amongst the staff members, it was easier for her to talk to the people on the streets.

"I will now announce the results! I've asked 100 citizens residing in Royal Capital of San Fleuve! And have received multiple answers."

"You really did well, Lotte, you've been a big help. Nevertheless, I'm scared to hear the results."

Falma started clapping. At the same time, he started preparing his heart.

"Well then, please go ahead and announce it. Lottelita sure is talented!"

Ellen waved her hand in encouragement.

"Those who thinks the Imperial Charter emblem is scary – 48 people."

Slip, the three people pretended to fall down.

"Those who don't know how to speak formally to a noble Apothecary, and so they stay clear of the shop in order to not conduct a sacrilegious crime – a scary number of 46 people."

Ah, so it was like that, the three people were convinced.

"Those who don't have any noble-like clothes to wear, and feel conscious if they come to the shop – 25 people."

There's no need to be conscious, was what Ellen retorted.

"Those who are afraid of the Knight Gatekeepers – 19 people."

It's not like the gatekeepers weren't smiling, was what Falma wanted to say in the gatekeepers' defense.

"Those who do not trust the medicine issued by the Apothecary because he's just a child – 18 people."

It's because of me! Falma fell on top of the table.

"Because of the signboard 'price is negotiable,' those who are scared of the high price of the medicine and consultation – 12 people."

"Those who cannot read the signboard and are scared to enter – 10 people."

"Lastly… those who said it's because the manager is a child – 8 people. That's it."

It's because of me again! Falma moaned. Falma, who had a strong mentality, somehow managed to reply.

"Thank you, I understand. It is as expected."

“Okay, okay,” Ellen said while waving, and fixed her glasses.

“Somehow, we’ve stumbled on the most fundamental part.”

“When they say it’s because the manager is a child, there’s no room left for retorts.”

Ouch, ouch, ouch, Falma pressed his forehead.

“Commoners visit stores specifically catered to commoners, and they don’t want to get involved with nobles. I’ve already told you this many times.”

“I wonder if it would be better if we established a price for the examination and specific medicine, and hang it outside the shop.”

Cedric proposed. Falma started to regret writing ‘price is negotiable.’ The status of the patient and their property, they thought about changing the price of the medicine depending on their degree of poverty, but it seems to have made everyone cautious because the price is negotiable.

“We need to make it so that there are some regulars visiting the shop.”

Was what Ellen said.

Although the shop was in a situation where it’s being shunned, there’s a commoner old man, Jean, with strong mentality who comes every day. Jean approached the counter in a lofty manner.

“I’d like to get those Sailor Candies (Bonbon). I’d like 3 today.”

Old man Jean comes here every day to buy candy, drinks water from the water dispenser, and goes back by walking.

“Yes, 3 candies it is. Thank you very much.”

Falma responded kindly. Since he comes every day, Falma thought about what would happen if he suddenly thought it was troublesome, but despite that, he continues to dutifully come every day. No matter if it’s 1 candy, or 2 candies, he would still come and buy it. When mentioning regular customers, he’s the regular of all regulars.

Falma took out 3 candies from the candy jar, and handed it to him. In the pharmacy, they have prepared a variety of candies. Candies such as cough candy, cold prevention candy, candies for sailors (scurvy disease prevention candy), and salt candy (heatstroke prevention). Because these candies have the same pricing as candies found in other stores, children of wealthy merchants often come by with coins clasped in their hands to purchase these candies.

“Well then, since I’ve purchased the goods, I’ll help myself to some water!”

He said triumphantly. Although he always came to buy “Sailor Candy,” but rather than the candy, his main purpose is to drink water, and everyone of the staff members is aware of it.

“Ohoho, this is it, this is it! This taste really good.”

Old man Jean took a paper cup and approached the water dispenser in triumph. As for the sanitary cup, Lotte had folded them for the customers. Falma had taught her how to fold the origami cups.

“Please drink a lot of it. Since it’s quite humid outside, please rehydrate.”

Without even the slightest scowl, Falma encouraged him to drink more. If one buys some goods, water is free. If one doesn’t buy any goods, the price of water is a small coin. Old man Jean continued gulping down water, and he will always drink 5 cups without fail.

“Since you’ve bought Sailor Candy, does that mean you’ll be going out to sea?”

Now that he thought about it, old man Jean looked very tanned. Falma wondered if the old man is man of the sea.

“No, I don’t go out to sea anymore. However, I used to go out often back then. See you later then.”

Old man Jean waved his hand violently, and started to totter back.

It doesn’t matter if he’s a sailor. Since an intake of Vitamin C is always a good thing anyway.

Old man Jean would always have multiple men waiting for him in the alley. One of the men was holding a bag with an S.I.O. logo on it.

I wonder, are they his walking companions?

Falma, who came to see him off, couldn’t help but wonder.

Soon after old man Jean left, an upper nobility husband and wife came to visit the store. The woman had a white powdered tall rococo hairstyle, while the man, also with quite a tall hairstyle, had a feather hat perched on top of his hair. The both of them wore masks.

It’s too suspicious!

Although they were clearly suspicious, the gatekeeper Knights pretended not

to notice and let them through. And when the two people entered the store,

“Dear Mother, please take care in not knocking the products off their shelves with your hair.”

Falma unintentionally noted.

“Eh, oh my. How did you know it was me?”

“If you wanted to come in secret, you shouldn’t have raised your voice so early in the morning.”

The parents were made to sit down on the pharmacy’s brand new sofa in the reception corner, and Cedric served them tea. And because wearing masks were uncomfortable, both parents took them off. It was masks that similarly resembled Venetian masks. Father or Mother, which one of them actually came up with the plan to cover their faces, did they think they wouldn’t be found out; these were the questions Falma wanted to ask.

“N-no matter what, I wanted to see how it’s like here. Furthermore, you’re still a child.”

In contrast of his Mother’s increasing concerns, his Father remained seated in a calm and collected manner.

“Shopkeeper, I wonder if it’s fine to have a look around the shop.”

“Please feel free to do so.”

He examined the pharmacy from corner to corner, and after checking out the compounding room, he turned to the table without a word. When Bruno suddenly stormed into the shop, after greeting him, Ellen stood stock-still in attention on the spot. Usually, Ellen would often talk to Falma, but when she’s in front of Bruno, she seems to be nervous. Lotte also refrained from uttering a single word.

After drinking a mouthful of tea, Bruno nodded. Well then, time for his evaluation. And Falma unconsciously stepped forward.

“It’s a good store. Although it’s very innovative, but when one slowly thinks about it, it makes logical sense.”

For the time being, Falma felt relieved and met his Father’s gaze.

“Although there are a lot of things I still don’t know about, since Mr. Cedric is

here, I think I'll be fine."

"What about the customer flow? Do commoners come to shop?"

His Father struck Falma's weak point, and he jerked as though he was stabbed.

"Although there are some people who come to the shop, none are in need. Such as merchants and aristocrats."

"I-is that so."

When the shop the son was managing isn't doing so well, it's parental love to worry. Even with that said, Falma's business sense and sense of money was better than Bruno's.

"Commoner, commoner, commoner~ It's not good thinking about only them."

Mother said brightly, dispelling the heavy atmosphere.

"Anyway, why not just sell cosmetics to aristocracy for now? As long as they are popular amongst the nobility, commoners will also use them. Put more emphasis on cosmetics."

There was some truth to this. Whatever is trendy amongst the aristocrats, merchants would want them.

"What are some of the cosmetics that are high in demand?"

Ellen has beautiful skin, so she doesn't need any makeup, let alone Lotte who needs makeup even less, while Falma and Cedric are both male, so in conclusion, none of them knew much about cosmetic trends.

"Cosmetics such as those that adjust one's skin texture, in that sense, the whiter it is the better; those kinds would be good."

His Mother was a thoroughly well-informed lady. There were some who were not satisfied with just face powder, and in search of a skin as white as snow, some women resorted to bloodletting (Phlebotomy : venipuncture) repeatedly.

"With white skin, it looks like the skin that of a baby, and if you can make it so that the face powder is long-lasting without any smell, it'll sell like hotcakes."

What his Mother had said was something like a comment from a women's magazine. How boisterous, however, when his Father heard what was spoken, he said,

“Falma. If you’re going to make face powder, don’t use any white powder.”

His Father gave him an advice with a serious face. The face powder in this world, when Falma looked at the recipe, he knew that it contained white lead and mercury which are toxins to the skin even in a different world. However, his Father shouldn’t know it is harmful.

“Why is that?”

“According to what I know, women who uses face powder excessively ends up dying a premature death. Because of that, as someone on the path of medicine, shouldn’t sell those. The white thing is bad.”

I see, so Father indeed knows about it.

The knowledge Bruno has of the medicines in this world were right on target. That was what Falma had felt vaguely. Bruno does not just immerse himself with reading books; he also diligently observes the cases he is presented with. And sometimes, he is even willing to doubt what he read in books.

“Really, it’s because of what you have said. It’s probably just your imagination! Even I want to use white face powder.”

And so, his Mother has been forbidden to use too much white face powder by Bruno. Although it is for the purpose of preserving his Mother’s health, she doesn’t know about it.

“Yes, I have yet to sell any face powder.”

What Falma has been selling were just basic cosmetics such as moisturizer, lotion, and hand cream.

“Nn, it’s for the best.”

At that time, a scream broke out, creating a clamor amongst the citizens on the streets.

“Go call for an Apothecary, hurry!!”

“B-but, the other Apothecaries available around this place…! Are for commoners!!”

Someone, who had looked at the signboard, seemed to have remembered

that there was a pharmacy for nobles. A man, who was dressed up looking like an attendant, plunged into the store.

“I’m sorry for troubling you, Sir Apothecary, can I entrust you with the examination of the young lady?!”

“Examination? I understand.”

It had finally happened, and Falma rose from his seat. Bruno, however, didn’t make a move.

“Dear Father, Dear Mother, I’ll be going now. Ellen, please remain here. I’m counting on you to take care of the store!”

After saying farewell to his parents and asking Ellen to look after the store, he ran out of the store and proceeded to the place crowded with people.

“That child, even though we haven’t finished talking to him.”

While his Mother was lamenting, Cedric spoke up.

“Madam, I would like to recommend this new liquid cosmetic Falma-sama has developed while you wait.”

“Oh, it has a nice fragrance.”

Cedric, who knew how to capture the mother’s interest, was also able to lift her mood.

“I’m going outside for some fresh air.”

Bruno silently stood up from his seat, and casually stepped out of the shop.

“That person, I wonder if he’s going to where Falma is.”

“It might be as you say.”

Falma’s mother and Cedric both nodded.

“That person, he said he had something he wanted to say to Falma…”

Supported by a lady’s maid, the young lady who was leaning against the carriage looked terribly pale.

“Ah, how could this have happened. Young lady, please do put yourself together.”

Falma was being guided by the attendant through the large crowd, and they moved towards the voice in the buried within.

"Sir Apothecary is passing through, please make way! This way please, Sir Apothecary."

"You… you're an Apothecary?"

The lady thought that medicine has finally arrived, however, because it was a child who came, she had a quizzical expression on her face. When Falma saw her, he estimated she was a noble's child who is in her late teens. She seemed to be a daughter of a Marquis.

"I'm a Royal Court Apothecary."

Falma showed her the badge on his collar. Because it was essential to Falma's work, he placed the crown looking badge of the Royal Court Apothecary on the collar of his white coat. He decided to show off his identity, because if he didn't, he would probably be underestimated because he was still a child, and then medical examination would be refused.

"Please excuse me, I'll be entering the carriage. The complexion of your face isn't looking too well."

With just one glance, Falma immediately noticed that she was anemic. However, he couldn't afford not to look see if there were any other ailments. And so, with his left hand on his eye, Falma activated his divine skill Diagnostic Eye to look into the details of the human body. There were no bone fractures, and neither were there any glowing parts.

"There's no broken bone. It doesn't seem like there's any dislocation either."

However, despite it being hidden by the long sleeves of her dress, his ability allowed him to see myriad lights on her arm.

"Oh?"

There was an incision wound. It looks like a wound from phlebotomy.

Self-injury, is it. No, this doesn't look like she did this to herself, as I thought.

" Iron-deficiency anemia"

The color of the light changed. He finally understood that the topic of the conversation he just had with his Mother has turned into reality.

This is not any ordinary anemia.

“It looks like you’ve had phlebotomy done. You’re suffering from anemia.”

“What, such a thing. But it was done by a doctor?”

An energetic woman, who was looking down, suddenly looked up in surprise. It was as though she was asking what the problem was. In this world, it was standard practice to phlebotomize the patients until they faint. And the repeated incision on the blood vessels, could also cause infection on the wound.

“You are currently not suffering from any particular illness. Although you’re not sick, why did you go through phlebotomy?”

Subsequently, she spoke to Falma for about 30 minutes. While on the side of the road, she began telling her life story. While Falma was listening to her life story in all seriousness, he saw Bruno standing from afar. It seems that she did it with the intention of keeping up with the trend of the aristocrat’s pursuit of beauty and whiter skin. When one looked at it closely, one can see that her face and hands are covered with white face powder. This was exactly what his Father pointed out; it was too much white face powder.

In addition to that, because she doesn’t originally have very white skin, she ardently went through phlebotomy.

Phlebotomy was also a popular practice on Earth during Middle Ages. During that era, when someone was sick, they considered phlebotomy as an effective cure, and they drained the old blood. In modern times, there were very limited situations where phlebotomy is still used.

This girl should not be doing this.

Falma guided them to the pharmacy. His parents had already gone home. He asked the girl to rest while he prescribed her with iron, and also recommended antibiotics for the wound infection. The girl let out a small sigh and said,

“Thank you, I hope I get better this way… How much is the fee?”

Before Falma had a chance to respond, the attendant handed him a large sum of gold coins, surprising him. Aristocrats seemed to like keeping up appearances.

“And so, please do not do any more bloodletting. Also, you should not put on the face powder.”

Falma was worried. As long as she kept up with her pursuit of beauty, if she continued doing the same thing, the situation would just repeat.

“It’s impossible to stop. Because you see, women, even though it’s just a little, they want to be beautiful.”

“I understand.”
Falma decided to take her wishes into consideration.

“I will prepare a cosmetic set especially for your skin.”
In one week time, please visit the pharmacy.
That was what Falma had promised her, and on that day, he shut himself on the 4th floor of the Different World Pharmacy, where his laboratory was located.

He decided to make a harmless foundation that could be used to lighten the skin tone.

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Cosmetic Brand, MEDIQUE

After one week, please come back again.
During that period of time, I will prepare the skin whitening powder.
Therefore, please don’t ever have phlebotomy performed until then.

And so, that was the promise Falma gave to the young Marquis’ daughter, Chloe. It was already dark in the Imperial Capital, and the shops had already closed.
“I will be leaving soon. Master Falma, are you still working hard?”
“I am, looking at the situation right now.”
Lotte went up the stairs to the 4th floor.
“Master Falma. We are going back to the mansion, why don’t you leave the research for tomorrow? A carriage is coming to pick us up.”
Lotte was worried, she knocked on the laboratory door to check Falma’s situation. Beyond the door, *Thank you, but go home first. I will be staying today,* was what Falma told her. It seemed that Lotte was waiting for a while in front of

the door. Falma locked the laboratory while researching. He must not be seen using substance creation, and it was dangerous if he inadvertently spilled some chemicals. He would only invite a person who knew how to handle laboratory instruments. Ellen sometimes came.

“Like Master Falma has told us before. Master Falma, please do not overwork too much. I am already worried that you didn’t eat lunch.”

Then after that, the laboratory doors suddenly opened.

“Thank you, Lotte. I’ll end today’s work. Let’s go home.”

“Yes!”

Falma remembered that he was about to become too immersed in his work again. Being completely absorbed in his work was natural for Falma, so he had to be careful. This was even a greater burden on a child’s body.

He declined, this time, to die from overworking. He wouldn’t last long if he wasn’t relaxed. Thus so, Falma self-reflected.

“I wonder what today’s dinner is.”

“Yes! You’re hungry I see.”

The two people rode on the carriage that picked them up back to de Médicis family mansion.

He continued to research during business hours only for a few days without being unreasonable with his health. When Falma appeared in the staff break room from the 4th-floor laboratory, the staff spat out their drink.

“Prrfftt! What the hell happened!?”

Ellen went back to change her clothes because her white coat got dirty after bursting into laughter.

“Master Falma, your face is too white!”

Lotte’s eyes became wide.

“How? White?”

Falma became embarrassed when he heard Ellen laugh her heart out again after returning from changing her white coat.

“Why did you apply it on your skin by yourself…!? Why did you apply it on your own skin…!? I say it’s better to apply it to a woman.”

He hadn’t seen himself in a mirror, but Falma believed he looked like someone

wearing a white face mask.

“That is the whitest I have seen so far. It has the sense of translucence, and the features have depth too!”

Ellen’s fingers were slightly trembling as she was trying to touch his skin.

“This whiteness is surprising.”

Falma didn’t originally have pure white skin. Since he had been training in Divine Art outside in the sun for so long, he was a typical tanned kid. Though now, he was white as snow. Well, only his face.

Women of this world that had white skin were deemed more attractive, so his goal was to make a real medical white foundation.

Ah, but… Ellen seemed to look troubled.

“Lord Bruno told me that too much white is not good. Are you ok with that much whiteness?”

“Don’t worry, this doesn’t have any white lead or mercury. So this is safe.”

Before I give this, I should do some allergy tests on her.

Falma remembered that he better give his mother the whitening face powder that she wanted too while looking seriously.

“Wait a minute, why are lead and mercury a bad thing?”

Bruno had understood it by intuition, but Ellen didn’t yet realize that they were harmful to the human body.

“Those are poisonous.”

“But isn’t everyone using the face whitening powder!? And both lead and mercury aren’t good for the body!?”

Ellen was horrified when she knew the reason.

“Both of you, will you please try applying this to your skin? I want to hear a woman’s opinion.”

Lotte was using foundation for the first time in her life and shouted with joy when she saw herself in the mirror.

“Waa… It adapts to the skin quickly!”

“You should not have applied it Lotte—; You’re still young and supple—.”

“Eh? Even Lady Eléonore is like that!”

“No way, right?”

And so, both Lotte and Ellen did their girl talk while sparkles flew.

“Let’s see, is there any stinging sensation on your skin?”

“Not at all.”

Cedric applied it to the back of his hand, and he was impressed by it. However, he was an old bachelor, so he didn’t have any use for it at all. Ellen applied it to her skin as well, and praised it. She always worried about her freckles, but now the acne scars had disappeared.

“Falma, this, I want this too.”

Ellen would not be likely to let it go now, because she was holding the cream tightly.

“Falma, how did you know about this thing.”

“Well, about that…”

He was a pharmacologist in his past life, formerly an associate professor in the graduate school of pharmacy, he frequently collaborated with pharmaceutical companies in research. He worked as a third-party evaluator on new cosmetic products by doing allergen testing. So he was somewhat familiar with cosmetics with that kind of background.

“Is this because of your past life as a Medicine God?”

He already became like such a figure to Ellen.

“No this is different.”

“So, what kind of cream is this?”

“This, this is a foundation to prevent tanning. Therefore, it will whiten skin since it prevents tanning.”

“Are you saying this will prevent tanning?”

Really? Even if you bathe in the sun’s rays? Was what Ellen said as she fell in surprise.

“Yes, it can do that.”

Light is made up of waves, and there are many types. He said that this cream had special ingredients, as it contained materials that absorbed ultraviolet rays. Falma was telling them all about it.

“I wasn’t able to keep up midway.”

Ellen said while yawning as she took a break. Lotte was just nodding.

“You just said it blocks the sun’s light. Therefore, you aren’t exposed to sunlight. So in turn, the sons and daughters of the nobles can go out without worrying about getting a tan.”

“No matter what, it’s an excellent product! It’s time for them to let go of the parasols, you see!”

“No, they don’t have to let go of their parasols.”

Rather than saying that the skin of the women clientele were naturally dark, they just got tanned easily. The women were more likely to go out as they loved shopping, even if they rode on carriages, they would still get tanned little by little every day from the reflected light off the ground passing through the window. They would be whitened, just from the protection against that.

For that girl he promised, Falma was trying to make a few simple makeups, a (relatively) skin-friendly cosmetic.

1: CC Cream

Based on the medical Cream (BB Cream), it was initially used in cosmetic surgery to cover inflamed skin gently after surgery. It was further improved, and called CC cream; it had been released under various brand names in Japan and throughout the world. The ingredients of this cream carried the following effects:

UV protection, skin tone up, fixing underlying skin blemishes, moisturize, and various vitamins that cares for the skin.

Just apply this face lotion immediately after washing your face, and in 30 seconds, the makeover would be done. Just using the CC cream wouldn’t make the skin features bland. It would refract the light depending on how it was applied, so the face would not be merely “painted white”, it would be best described as “clad in the light.” The skin would achieve a sense of translucence and their facial features would be more prominent.

2: Loose powder that is a mixture of Sericite, for final touches that will give a sparkling feel.

He made the finishing powder per her request to be “white as snow.”

3: Finally, the thing that he mustn't forget; makeup remover formulated to repair the skin.

It would clean off the make-up that got stuck to the skin, this would prevent clogging the skin pores. Skin care was the basics of beauty.

There were already moisturizing facial cleansing lotions and medicinal soaps sold in bundles in the pharmacy from the start.

A cosmetic set made just for her was the only one on this world.

The day of the promise had arrived.

The carriage of the Marquis' daughter, Chloe, stopped near the Different World Pharmacy in the morning.

"Come, quickly!"

Falma couldn't just leave her alone. Falma was already working, but had been waiting.

"How do you do, Sir Apothecary, thank you for what you did last week… Is the face whitening powder done?"

"Yes, I have it."

Falma ushered her to the counseling corner and brought out a 5-piece makeup set, placed in a box. He handed over a sample vial as an allergic reaction test. He said that if the skin got irritated, it would be free of charge.

"I want more of this, here is the money."

Chloe gave a purse filled with gold coins generously in front of Falma.

"As long as this money can fund, I will give you more of this as long as there are no allergic reaction to the skin. Now then, please try applying it."

Falma, like a beauty consultant of a department store, encouraged her to wash her face first. He recommended soaking the cotton with the cleansing facial lotion.

"Next is the face whitening powder."

Falma served a white cream using a spatula from the container; she was looking at the unusual thing.

"This face whitening powder, is not a powder?"

“This is much easier to apply to the skin. I have prepared it as a cream type. There are a lot of ingredients contained in here for beauty. It’s very effective to prevent tanning.”

“Oh my!… This item is incredible if it lessens tanning! It’s a face whitening powder that looks good on the skin.”

Chloe was stretching her face. The cream was not sticky, and she was particularly surprised that it wasn’t that oily.

“This powder is for the finishing touch. Let me apply it for you.”

“Oh! I seem to be sparkling.”

When Ellen applied it quickly with a brush, it was sparkling white as it reflected light, as if the woman’s skin was wearing a fine veil of light. It was different from merely applying conventional face whitening powder. It was as if it were looking at natural skin.

“This is… Me?”

Like a beautiful girl from the legends, Chloe was praising herself. She was spellbound and fascinated while looking at the mirror.

“This is entirely different… Everything is completely different from yesterday!!”

“Do you like it? Will you take this? This makeup will draw out a woman’s beauty.”

Falma was talking like a beauty consultant.

“Oh my…! What *should* we do?!”

She looked down as she felt embarrassed for being shy. And then, she grasped the precious sample set, since this was cheaper than calling a doctor every day for phlebotomizing, and it was far better than the face whitening powder she used before. She was shedding tears of joy. Another piece of advice she received was to use a hat and parasol, or even better was wearing a veil.

“Thank you, this will give me an advantage over my rival. I will always come here to make purchases!”

Chloe was delightfully bowing her head many times as she went back.

The next day, Lotte was shouting and getting the attention of the women

passing by in front of the Different World Pharmacy.

"New product! Face whitening powder and skin care set, right here! You can buy the trial pack for three coppers only."

It was Lotte's suggestion to sell samples of the products for three copper coins. When Lotte distributed it out on the street with a basket, hands from the women extended to her saying "Me too, me too."

"Can I also get some?"

A hand of a feeble old woman was grasping three copper coins.

"Of course, our motto is, all women are beautiful."

For those who couldn't read, they were respectfully told to look at the storefront, as the instruction, using a series of pictures, were posted there.

For once, everyone couldn't hold back something called desire, and spent their money on the high-class cosmetics that were sold at the noble's shop, because they could get a sample for little money.

And then at the Different World Pharmacy…

"10 pieces of Sailor's Candy."

"Yes, thank you very much as always."

"Well then, I will drink some water!"

They weren't sure if old man Jean was aiming for the candy or the water, but still, he was a regular customer. Furthermore, the quantity he bought was increasing little by little. Falma was guessing that he might be giving it out to someone.

He might be distributing it to his companions that were walking with him.

Falma had thought that much.

However, that was not only it; customers came to the Different World Pharmacy little by little afterward. Mostly female clients.

The commoner women who were conscious of skin whitening started to hit an astounding rate and became repeat customers. The foundation set was selling like hot cakes. The basic skin care and make-up remover too, sold the same amount.

"The customers have increased."

Female customers. Their families and friends. These type of customers had

been expanding gradually. Nobles, commoners and merchants from similar shops had come over in casual clothes.

Lotte, who was the salesperson at the counter, was very busy.

“Yes, face whitening powder, it’s three right? Eh, five you say? Bulk buying is only up to three!”

Lotte was serving the customers delightfully. The female commoners, and even the nobles devoted themselves in pursuit of beauty.

“We are sold out today—!”

When the commoners showed up at the Different World Pharmacy, they saw that the medicines arranged on the display shelf were incomparably cheap, compared to the other pharmacies. It became a hot topic among the commoners. Gradually commoners began to show up in the pharmacy in search of something other than cosmetics. Sure enough, there was a long line in front of the water dispenser.

The health consultation began to appear, they immensely requested for Falma and Ellen to compound some medicines. Even if the customers were not using honorifics, it didn’t become an insult. On the contrary, because Falma and Ellen spoke to the commoners with honorifics, the customers went back with a very good mood.

The compounding fee was surprisingly cheap, and the medicine that the child storekeeper prescribed worked well.

“Well then, I will announce the results of the 3rd survey!”

Lotte announced it loudly. It became a custom to hold public surveys in regards to the Different World Pharmacy.

“I expect a little more this time.”

Cedric held his hands together like he was praying.

“Medicines are cheap and very effective— 44 votes.”

“Changed personal pharmacy— 39 votes.”

“I want you to produce more cosmetics— 36 votes.”

“Have seen the child shopkeeper in a new light— 25 votes.”

“Various candies are delicious— 15 votes.”

“The water was delicious— 10 votes.”

Both the number of customers, and customer satisfaction of Different World Pharmacy gradually increased.

Customers were concentrated in the cosmetic section; women swarmed the storefront, and Lotte too, was troubled that she couldn’t handle some customers. The Marquis daughter, Chloe, even suggested that aside from the pharmacy, Falma should create a subsidiary cosmetic department. This time, Chloe had completely, and splendidly, become fair-skinned.

“I will 100% invest in the cosmetic department. I will employ an apothecary, and a shopkeeper too.”

That is, she thought it was frustrating as it was also for her sake that sometimes cosmetics were sold out, because Falma didn’t work in the cosmetic section.

“That’s a good idea! Cedric, please proceed with the procedures.”

“Please, I entrust it to you, Master Falma, to hurry up and draw the documents.”

Falma agreed, it was decided that the sales of the cosmetics would be handled by the cosmetic department. And so, Chloe would employ a Second Class Apothecary and they would be thoroughly trained. They would be taught about the closely guarded recipe for compounding the cosmetics. It would then be possible for them to sell skin care products. Falma would then give them special ingredients for the cosmetics. As only Falma was able to produce these special ingredients.

“I have finally employed a Second Class Apothecary.”

The noble apothecaries arbitrarily decided that it was a lowly occupation. However, Chloe puffed up with pride as she did something using the power of the Marquis. It seems that they were wealthy.

“Isn’t this amazing?! Now everyone can buy the cosmetics! Being sold out will not happen anymore!”

Ellen was especially surprised that the second shop was already complete.

Ellen would also show up in the second shop. Not just for supervision, but also to procure the cosmetics for herself. The resulting income was used for employee salaries at the main office, and as a working capital for the second shop. Despite the prices being low, they still reaped a huge profit.

"I wonder if we're starting on the right track."

For now, Falma heaved a sigh of relief.

Thus, the second shop turned into the cosmetic department of the Different World Pharmacy. *It was just like cosmetics from the heavens!* That was the reputation of the newly established cosmetic brand, MEDIQUE, from the public.

The symbol of a crown which was the seal of a Royal Charter and the symbol M was engraved in the brand packaging.

Incidentally, it was not long before Falma advised her Imperial Majesty, thereafter products using white lead, mercury, and other specified toxic substances were banned from being sold in all pharmacies of the empire in the name of the Empress.

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